# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NO. 49.---VOL. 1. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854. PRICE THREE CENTS.


## LIFE AND BATTLES OF DAN. DONNELLY,

### ONCE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

[CONCLUDED.]

Green Peas were among the vegetables at the above dinner, when one of the company, highly distinguished for his knowledge of training, observed Donnelly helping himself very plentifully with the peas, and immediately stated to him, that peas were indigestible, and quite improper for a person under training. Donnelly laughed heartily at this idea, exclaiming, "And sure is it *pae* that will hurt me; no! nor a drop of the *crature* neither," tossing off a glass of brandy. He also enjoyed himself during the afternoon in the same manner as the rest of the company, till the time arrived of his going to work, i. e., walking the distance of six miles. Donnelly on starting said, "Now you shall soon see how I'll take all the PAES and LIQUOR out of me!" and ascended with great rapidity the tremendous high, steep hill, in front of Wheeler's door, without any apparent fatigue, (which in some places almost approaches to a perpendicular height,) and returned to the company in a short time, in a violent state of perspiration, after having performed the above distance, to take his tea. Ridlesdown is not only a most delightful situation, but remarkably well calculated for the purposes of exercise. It has also the advantage of being at a distance of three or four miles from Croydon, and Wheeler's house is a solitary one. Solitude, however, was far from the cast of Dan's character; company was his forte; and while they remained with him at Riddlesdown, it was all right; but when they departed, it is said, he took a small drop of stuff with him to bed, to prevent his lying awake. At other times, he stole out in the dark, after the manner of poachers, to procure game;* and the preserves of Croydon, it seems, supplied even more than his wants. This circumstance will, in a degree, account for his distressed and blowed state during the battle with Oliver.

The preparatory state of training appeared quite tiresome to him; and he often stated to those persons who visited him, that he wished the time was expired, and that "it was to-morrow he was to enter the lists." In drinking with any of his companions, his usual toast was, "Well, here's to my lucky minute!"

Donnelly was extremely fond of a joke; and upon a porter coming to him, soon after his arrival in England, late one evening, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, informing Dan, that "his wife would be glad to see him at the White Horse, in Fetter Lane," as soon as possible, as she had just come from Ireland; Donnelly asked, with great eagerness and anxiety, of the man, "what *sort* of a woman she was?" The porter, rather surprised at the singularity of such a question, in reply observed, "What, sir, don't you know your own wife?" The Champion, smiling, "Is she a big woman? Well, never mind, by J—— I'll come and look at her, to see if I should know her"† Dan accompanied the porter to the inn, but found his wife was gone to bed. He instantly went to the room, and upon his drawing the curtains, she exclaimed, "Is that *you*, Mr. Donnelly? you look very pale, Dan!" "What, did you think I was dead then? Have you brought my coffin?" "No, indeed, I have not; but I have brought a grate *big box* for you, Mr. Donnelly!"

It should seem, that Donnelly had a great aversion to be looked upon as a Prize Fighter. In the course of two or three evenings after his battle with Oliver, Dignam's long room was crowded with his warm hearted countrymen, anxious to see and congratulate him on his recent victory. Donnelly, who was dining with some Swells above stairs, was informed of the circumstance, and solicited merely to go down stairs, and to walk through the room. To which Donnelly replied, "And sure, do they take me for a *Basle*, that is to be made a show of? I am no fighting man, and I will not exhibit myself to *plase* any body." This was spoken very angrily; and it required the utmost persuasions of an amateur very high in the Fancy, and also his friend Dignam, to persuade him of the impropriety of his conduct, and also to comply with so reasonable a request. Dan, at length, relaxed; and upon his entering the room he was received with the loudest cheers.

When Donnelly was introduced to a noble Irish Duke, he was asked what liquor he would take a glass of? "Anything your Grace likes—Whiskey!"—as if it was the only liquid the Duke drank. The Duke laughed heartily.

In short, poor *Sir* Dan was a creature of the moment. He was most excellent company, creating mirth and laughter all around him, his sayings were droll in the extreme; and his behaviour was always decorous. Study was not a very prominent figure in his composition; and "to-morrow," with him, might or might not be provided for, as it never created any uneasiness in his mind, and was left entirely to chance, or, as Dan would say, "Devil may care!" Such was the character of Donnelly. He was an Irishman every inch of him. He was generous, good natured, and grateful. As a pugilist, it is true, he did not raise himself in the estimation of the English amateurs, from his battle with Oliver; nor did the Irish Fancy in London, it is said, think half so much of his capabilities as they had previously anticipated; and those gentlemen who also came from Ireland to witness the fight, expressed themselves astonished at the deficiency of boxing talent that Donnelly displayed in opposition to Oliver, and that he appeared not like the same man who defeated Cooper. It is true, that he was decidedly the favorite throughout all classes of the amateurs, before the battle. Dan most certainly had fair play shown him within the ring; but he complained severely of the hootings and hissings he experienced from the spectators. These sort of expressions had much better be avoided; and, it might be urged, do savour of something like prejudice; but Donnelly ought to have possessed more nerve than to let such ebullitions have operated upon his feelings. It is totally impossible to prevent the expressions of the multitude assembled to witness a Prize Fight, particularly where so much interest frequently prevails; nay, more, the Judge, armed with full powers to punish any person so offending in a court of justice, cannot prevent popular feelings from having vent. It is true, that Donnelly might have thought a national prejudice had been entertained against him;---it was not so: and the same sort of conduct always takes place when two Englishmen enter the ring in England: for instance, when Cy. Davis, from Bristol, entered the lists with Turner, the expressions against the former boxer were a hundred times stronger than against Donnelly. But to return; Donnelly was a most dangerous opponent, from his great knowledge of throwing. Two or three of his falls were at any time heavy enough to win a fight. But "use every man according to his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping?"

* It is a well known fact, that immediately after his battle with Oliver, it was not only discovered, but he acknowledged, that he had unfortunately contracted a disease in the promiscuousness of his amours. It is usual for the pugilists during their training to have a companion to look after them. It was not so with Donnelly; but if he had had such a person, it would have been of little if any use, as Dan was above *control*. In fact, his opinion was so strongly grounded, that excess of any kind would not hurt him, that he acted as he pleased. It was, however, truly astonishing to view Donnelly's fine appearance after entering the ring to meet Oliver. When the Irish Champion fought with Cooper, on the Curragh of Kildare, it appears, he had been trained up to the highest pitch of excellence, and was as strong as a giant, and as active as a rope dancer, under the immediate attention of Capt. Kelly. To the Captain, Donnelly yielded implicit obedience; but he would not be dictated to by his equals,—indeed, he was totally unmanageable,—so as to comply with the severities of training.

† On Tom Shuffleton's being asked about a female, he said, she was the *Sixteenth* Mrs. Shuffleton. We never ascertained whether Mr. Donnelly ever placed any of his ladies to the same account. It is, however, certain, he was a very gallant hero.

### SORROW IS DRY.

A PLAINTIVE BALLAD.

When to Peggy Bauldie's daughter first I told
Sir Daniel's death,
Like a glass of soda-water, it took away her breath;
It took away your breath, my dear, and it sorely dimm'd your sight,
And aye ye let the salt salt tear down fall for Erin's knight;
For he was a knight of glory bright, the spur ne'er deck'd a bolder,
Great George's blade itself was laid upon Sir Daniel's shoulder.
Sing hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

I took a turn along the street, to breathe the Trongate air,
Carnegie's lass I chanced to meet, with a bag of lemons fair;
Says I, "Gude Meg, ohon! ohon! you've heard of Dan's disaster,
If I'm alive, I'll come at five, and feed upon your master;—
A glass or two no harm will do to either saint or sinner,
And a bowl with friends will make amends for a so-so sort of dinner."

I found Carnegie in his nook, upon the old settee,
And dark and dismal was his look, as black as black might be,
Then suddenly the blood did fly, and leave his face so pale,
That scarce I knew, in altered hue, the bard of Largo's vale;
But Meg was winding up the jack, so off flew all my pains,
For large as cocks, two fat earocks I knew were hung in chains.

Nevertheless, he did express his joy to see me there—
Meg laid the cloth, and, nothing loth, I soon pull'd in my chair;
The mutton broth and bouilli both came up in season due,—
The grace is said—when Provan's head at the door appears in view;
The bard at work like any Turk, first nods an invitation;
For who so free as all the three from priggish botheration!

Ere long the Towddies deck the board with a cod's head and shoulders,
And the oyster sauce it surely was great joy to all beholders.
To George our king a jolly can of royal port is poured—
Our gracious king who knighted Dan with his own shining sword;
The next we sip with trembling lip—'tis of the claret clear—
To the hero dead that cup we shed, and mix it with a tear.

'Tis now your servant's turn to mix the nectar of the bowl;
Still on the Ring our thoughts we fix, while round the goblets roll,
Great Jackson, Belcher, Scroggins, Gas, we celebrate in turns,
Each Christian, Jew, and Pagan, with the Fancy's fame that burns;
Carnegie's finger on the board a magic circle draws,
And, Eagan-like, h' expounds the rounds, and pugilistic laws.
'Tis thus that worth heroic is suitably lamented—
Great Daniel's shade, I know it, dry grief had much resented.
What signify your tear and sigh?—A bumper is the thing
Will gladden most the generous ghost of a champion of the King.
The tear and sigh, from voice and eye, must quickly pass away,
But the bumper good may be be renewed until our dying day!*

* Something after the manner of drinking the memories of Pitt, Lord Nelson, Fox, &c.—in silence.

FINALE.

Here rests his nob under the turf so green,
A milling cove—of Erin's pride and glory.
Sure such a gay hero ne'er was seen:
His fame transferr'd in future story!

Large was his morley, and his pluck so fine;
In Ireland and in England he did show it!
The lads he serv'd out with many a shine—
When he had the office giv'n to "GO IT."

But Dan is *floor'd!* He couldn't come "to time!"
No more to crack his joke, and take his lunch:
His game's play'd out! although a *trump* so prime,
Death got the pull on him o'er whisky punch!

THE END.

## LIFE AND BATTLES OF NED TURNER,

*The Conqueror of*

THE HARDY AND ALMOST INVULNERABLE SCROGGINS.

Let us
Act with cold prudence, and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bears us
Often too far.

In recording the achievements of the above fortunate pugilistic hero, upon whose numerous battles the smiles of victory have been the constant attendant, one peculiar trait of disposition is so highly creditable to his character as a man, and a scientific boxer, that it cannot be passed over without some observation and marks of respect. Turner, it appears, has been in the habit of milling from his schoolboy days down to the present period of his pugilistic notoriety, and never, in any instance whatever, (and the following circumstance is well authenticated,) did a challenge first emanate from his feelings to fight! The skirmishes among his school-fellows, although tolerably frequent, will be summed up in a few words—Ned was the little hero of the tale, and looked up to as the best bit of stuff amongst them.

Turner is descended from that warlike race of people, denominated Ancient Britons: and he seems to have imbibed those true notions of valor, which so eminently distinguish that loyal and brave description of men. His relatives are of the most respectable kind, residing at New Town, in Montgomeryshire, and his father and mother are also natives of the above-mentioned place in Wales; but whatever the original intention of his parents might have been, respecting his claims as a Welshman, Ned, it appears, was born in Crucifix Lane, in the borough of Southwark, on the 8th of November, 1791.

Turner is by trade a skinman, and was apprenticed to the proprietors of a large yard at Bermondsey, where 150 men were generally employed. It was during his apprenticeship, about the age of 19, that he fought a battle with John Balch, a Bristol man, the foreman of the above-mentioned premises, and the Champion of the yard. In point of the requisites for boxing, he possessed them in a superior point of view over Turner, and was altogether a much taller and heavier man. It was a determined battle for one hour, when Balch resigned the contest, and was led out of the ring totally blind.

A publican, of the name of Keating, landlord of the Black Horse, in the vicinity of St. Giles's, brought forward a big Irishman, whom he had patronized, to fight Turner, in the Cockpit, at the Hunts-man and Hounds, in Lock's Fields, for five guineas aside. For the first three rounds Paddy bored in upon Ned with the utmost fury, and the latter, in going down, fell with his back upon the short stakes, which formed the pit. The contusion was so severe and painful, that Turner did not recover from its effects for the course of several rounds. At length, Ned got into work, and before twenty-five minutes had elapsed, Paddy was so bothered, beaten, and blind, that he could not tell whether he was living at that moment either in England or Ireland.

Turner, soon after the above circumstance, in company with three of his fellow-workmen, left London to fulfil an engagement he had made at a skinyard in Glasgow. A man of the name of M'Neal, a spirit-dealer, and a pupil of Carter's, had threatened, previous to the arrival of Turner, to mill all the Englishmen in Glasgow. In fact, M'Neal was the Champion of that place, and was in height 5 feet 11 inches, and weighing 13 stone. Turner was soon singled out, after his arrival in Glasgow, by M'Neal, for a trial of skill. A match was accordingly made for five guineas aside, and the contest was decided in a room. In the course of half an hour, M'Neal was completely defeated. Some time afterwards he wished to have another trial allowed him, and five pounds aside were deposited to make it for a larger sum; but M'Neal preferred forfeiting the said deposit than entering the ring again with Turner.

Ned, upon quitting Glasgow, went to Newcastle. At this place Turner was challenged by one Blacket, a slater, well-known for the pugilistic feats he had performed in this part of the country. A finer proportioned young man was not to be seen than Blacket. He was symmetry itself, of prodigious strength, and not deficient in bottom. He was in height 6 feet and 1 inch, weighing rather more than 14 stone.—The battle was fought on the race-course, in the presence of thousands of spectators. In the course of forty-five minutes, Blacket received so much severe punishment, without being able to return any milling upon Turner, that he swore, in the utmost rage, "he would not fight any more, as Turner was not a fair fighter, and that he did nothing but make hits, and then jump away!" Turner was much applauded for the skill he displayed in conquering a man so much above his weight, and a liberal subscription was entered into by the amateurs, as a reward for his bravery.

Soon after Turner returned to the metropolis, he had a turn-up with Youler, (Davenport's Jew,) a "ruffianing" sort of fighter, in St. George's Fields; in the course of thirty-five minutes, he so completely satisfied this boring Israelite, that he retired from the conflict with terrible body punishment.

At the "Cottage of Content," in St. George's Fields, Turner was one evening set upon by five watermen, who, it seems, had made up their minds to give our hero a complete milling. The manly conduct of these sculler gentry, however, was soon placed to its proper account. Turner disposed of the first four with as much non-chalance as if they had been merely sacks in his presence; and the fifth, who it appears had some pretensions to boxing, and who endeavored to make something like a regular stand against Ned, paid most dearly for his temerity, by leaving off under numerous marks of severe chastisement.

The above conquests, although they display every trait of courage and science, yet in the opinion of the amateurs they amount to very little in the scale of excellence, until a boxer makes his *debut* in the London Ring. In fact, a pugilist is not recognized until he has made this appearance; when, if successful, he becomes a sort of leading star of the Fancy—friends flow fast in upon him, and backers are never wanting to support his pretensions towards obtaining victories of higher importance. Notwithstanding this kind of disparagement to a novice, the fame of Turner had made some progress in the milling circles, but more especially in the neighborhood of Bermondsey, where the capabilities of Turner were better known and more duly appreciated. Curtis, a boxer also well known in the same quarter, it seems, felt something like envy at the growing reputation of Ned, and repeatedly challenged the latter, before he agreed to meet him in combat. Curtis, though not possessing the notoriety of a Belcher or a Scroggins, was nevertheless of importance to the admirers of pugilism, from the laurels he had acquired in the ring. Tom Roe, West Country Dick, and Lazarus, the Jew, had all been defeated by him. As a game boxer, his character was firmly established; in short, of the "light weights," a better bit of stuff was not thought to exist upon the list. A match was, at length, made between Turner and Curtis, for 100 guineas; but the betting was current 7 to 4, and in many instances, 2 to 1 upon the latter. Indeed, so sanguine were the partizans of Curtis, that they roundly asserted Turner could not stand half an hour before him. In a 20 feet ring, at Moulsey-hurst, on Tuesday, October, 22, 1816, these two heroes met. The morning proving wet, the spectators were not so numerous as usual. At half-past one o'clock, Curtis entered the ring attended by Oliver, who came on purpose from Carlisle to second his friend, assisted by Clark. Curtis threw up his hat. Turner soon followed, attended by Tom Owen and Jacobs.

Round 1. The combatants, upon setting-to, exhibited great caution, and both appeared anxious to obtain the first advantage. Turner at length, got an opening, and, with much dexterity, planted a severe hit in Curtis's face, without receiving any return. The former made another successful hit, when they fought their way up to the ropes, and Curtis was sent down. The 3 and 2 to 1 betters seemed rather astonished at the novice (as Turner had been termed) commencing in such a milling style. It argued much mischief, and the safety of the thing was now looked upon quite so certain, as it was said to be, previously to the men entering the ring.

2. The lead was again on the side of Turner. He nobbed Curtis with evident superiority, when the latter slipped and fell down.—The odds began to shake, even at this early period of the battle.

3. Some good blows were exchanged, but materially to the advantage of Turner. The claret was seen trickling down the face of Curtis, who was ultimately thrown.

4. Turner commenced offensive operations with a severe blow from his right hand. He now appeared a troublesome customer for Curtis to get at, and some long sparring occurred. A good round, but Curtis was thrown.

5. Curtis could not make any impression on his adversary, when he retreated to the ropes, where he received severe fibbing punishment; but he succeeded in throwing Turner.

6. Turner put in so dreadful a facer that the claret flowed in torrents, and, with the rapidity of lightning, he put in another successful blow, which sent Curtis out of the ring.—Even betting.

7. By this time, Turner had done sufficient work to convince the spectators that he was the leading boxer. He was compelled to follow his opponent to get a hit, which he never failed to do when the ropes stopped Curtis from retreating further back. In struggling to obtain a throw, the latter got Turner down.

8. It seemed to be the aim of Curtis to plant some body blows, but he frequently hit short. Curtis was thrown.

9. Curtis, in point of science, did not appear anything equal to his opponent, except in throwing, when he now sent Turner under the ropes.

10. On the part of Turner much coolness and judgment prevailed. He threw Curtis in great style, and did not go down himself.

11. The left hand of Turner, upon setting-to, reached over the guard of Curtis with such severity that the latter was floored.

12. This was a short round. Turner went round from a slip, and fell to the ground.

13. Curtis put in a body blow, but in so doing he received a severe facer. A few hits were exchanged and both down.

14. The decided superiority of Turner in this round was evident. He hit Curtis in all directions, till he went away staggering like a man intoxicated, and fell.

15. Curtis could not protect his nob from the left hand of his opponent. In closing, both down.

16. Curtis, with much resolution, fought his way into a sort of scuffle, when they both got upon the ropes. In this situation, Turner had the superiority in hitting, till they both went down—Turner was now decidedly the favorite, and 6 to 4 was offered upon him.

17. Curtis missed his aim and turned round. In closing, both down.

18. The left hand of Turner was continually in Curtis's face; and the latter in going down, unfortunately fell forward upon the ropes, hanging by his chin.

19. The nob of Curtis was again the object of punishment. In closing, both fell on the ground.

20. The milling Turner administered to his opponent in this round was truly terrific. Curtis did nothing but receive, and in closing, he was severely fibbed, till he went down.

21. Curtis was so closely pursued, that he turned round, and was hit out of the ring.

22. This was a good round. Curtis changed his mode of attack. In making play he slipped down, but instantly got upon his legs, and put in two sharp blows. Both down.

23. Curtis hit short, but in closing, he seized hold of the hands of Turner. The latter was, ultimately, thrown.

24. The nob of Curtis appeared much damaged. The latter, in retreating from his antagonist, fell, and knocked Oliver also down, who was resting upon one knee.

25. Some blows were exchanged, when Turner put in a right-handed hit, that floored Curtis.

26. A close soon took place, but the combatants disengaged themselves, when some severe fighting passed between them, till both went down.

27. Turner got Curtis on the ropes, and fibbed him severely till he went down.

28. Curtis, it was evident, could not stop the mischief which the left hand of Turner was continually doing him; he went down from a sharp hit.

29. In this round Curtis threw his opponent, but he received much punishment before he accomplished it.

30. There was nothing attractive about Curtis in his fight, except in his taking qualities, which he exhibited in a very eminent degree. He returned well, but was, at length, floored.

31. Curtis had the best of this round. He gave Turner so severe a facer that it sent him down.

32. Sparring for advantage. Curtis hit short, in closing, both down, but the latter undermost. The length of Turner prevented Curtis from going-in with any success.

33. Turner put in three successive hits, without any return, and Curtis went down. The latter could not make a hit without boring-in, and then he paid for his temerity.

34. Curtis bled copiously on appearing at the scratch. Some exchanges took place and both down.

35 This was an excellent round, and both the combatants upon the alert.—The advantage was most on the side of Turner, who used his both hands so successively, that Curtis was milled down.

36. Merely struggling to obtain the throw, and both down.

37. Curtis hit short at the body, when they fought their way to the ropes, and the latter held Turner's hands. They broke away—exchanged a few blows—and both went down. Curtis threw away a great number of hits.

38. Of no consequence. Both down.

39. Turner put in two severe facers, without any return. Some exchanges occurred till both went down. During this round, Owen gave directions to Turner respecting his mode of fighting, and told him to "hit out."

40. Turner followed Curtis all over the ring—nobbed him with the most perfect ease; put in four successive blows with his left hand, and finished this round by flooring his antagonist.

41. This was a truly singular round. Curtis ran in furiously, and seized so fast a hold of the wrists of Turner that he could not disengage himself from this awkward situation. He, at length, slung Curtis completely round, when the latter lost his hold.

42. In closing, Turner fibbed his opponent down. Curtis could not resist the overwhelming length of his adversary; and, although things seemed to be so much against him, still he did not want for resolution.

43. Curtis, from the repeated punishment he had received, seemed quite abroad, and totally at a loss how to make a hit. He kept continually retreating from his adversary, till he was sent down.

44. Curtis again seized hold of his opponent's hands, and when Turner released himself, he floored his antagonist. Every person seemed surprised at the conduct of Curtis—it was desperation personified.

45. It was all up with Curtis as to fighting. He had not the slightest chance of winning. In struggling, both down.

46. Curtis came to the scratch boldly, and put in a casual hit, but he was soon sent down.

47. Turner hit Curtis with such severity upon his face, that he staggered, and fell down like a log. He was covered with blood. Turner stepped over him.

48. The gameness of Curtis prompted him to go on, and he endeavored to tire out his adversary. It was a sharp struggle to obtain the throw.

49. A short round, and both down.

50. It was a mere protraction on the part of Curtis, and his friends requested him to resign the contest. But he would not listen to anything like defeat. Turner made some successful hits. In struggling, both down.

51. On setting-to Curtis slipped down.

52. The left hand of Turner slightly sent Curtis off his legs.

53. The head of Curtis was now frightful, and bleeding copiously. His sight was growing defective, and the blows he attempted to make were all out of distance. However, in closing, Curtis got Turner down.

54 to 57. In these four rounds Curtis scarcely set-to, before he was either sent or went down. Any odds upon Turner.

58. Curtis seemed to think it was not all over with him, and desperately bored in to punish his adversary; but this mode only occasioned extra milling. In closing, both down.

59. Curtis on the same tack, but he was soon stopped and thrown.

60. Curtis was all desperation, but sent down almost upon setting-to.

61. The left hand of Turner was again punishing to his opponent's face; but, in closing, Turner dropped him with such ease and humanity as to obtain applause from all parts of the ring.

62. It was evident, from the strange manner in which Curtis attacked his adversary, that he was nearly in a state of darkness. In running at Turner he passed by him—turned round, confusedly, and was floored. Many of Curtis's friends were sanguine enough to think that he might be enabled to tire out his adversary by his determined resolution.

63. It was now astonishing to view what a bottom man could effect. Notwithstanding the dreadful state Curtis was reduced to, and distressed beyond imagination, he struggled with Turner, and ultimately threw him. But still no change appeared.

64. This desperate way of going in was acted upon too late. The strength of Curtis was leaving him, and he could now scarcely make a push at his opponent with any degree of certainty; while Turner was so much at his ease, that he administered scarcely any additional punishment, and behaved to his brave adversary with much consideration and humanity.

65. Curtis, with great despiration, again tried to hold Turner's hands; but was hit down.

66. In this round a trifling demur was nearly taking place. In closing, a struggle occurred, when Turner, to disengage himself, caught Curtis by the thighs, and threw him. A cry of "foul—fair," was loudly vociferated; but the umpire did not pay any attention to it. Curtis was literally in a state of stupor.

67. Curtis, on setting-to, was instantly sent down.

68, and last. It was piteous to view this little game cock of true English breed endeavor to fight another round. He immediately went down. On being placed upon his second's knee, his head lolled on one side, and he was in a state of darkness, and totally insensible when the "time" was called; while, on the contrary, his brave opponent, excepting two dreadful hits on the ear, by compassion, was not materially injured. The fight continued one hour and twenty-five minutes, and finished five minutes before three o'clock.

In this conflict Turner proved himself a steady, scientific boxer; there was nothing hurried in his manner, and he used the left hand with all the celerity and decision of Jack Carter. Instead of appearing a novice in the fight, he showed himself an up-hill boxer for Curtis to contend against. He took the lead and kept it, supported not only by length and strength, but he was by far the best fighter. His position was so formidable, and his mode of setting-to so different from pugilists in general, that Curtis could not approach him with anything like safety, to make a hit. The Flash Side (i. e the presumed Knowing Ones, or, more properly speaking, the good judges,) were completely dished upon the unexpected termination of the battle, which ought to operate as a useful lesson in future, by inducing them to prefer the calculation of capabilities between the combatants, than to be led astray by the mere greatness of names. Three to one is dangerous betting at all times.

Notwithstanding the greatest exertion and humane care were taken in speedily removing Curtis from the ring, after the battle terminated, to the nearest house of accommodation; in fact, but a few minutes scarcely had elapsed before he was put to bed at the Red Lion Inn, Hampton, and medical assistance procured; yet the brave, but unfortunate Curtis, in the course of a few hours, breathed his last. The subject of his death having very properly come under the cognizance of the laws of the country, an Inquisition was taken on the body, at the above Inn, on Friday, Oct. 25, 1816, before Thomas Stirling, Esq., Coroner for Middlesex.

In taking a view of the body of Curtis, who was designated as a groom, there appeared many contusions upon the head, but none upon the body.

John Griffinhoof, surgeon, of Hampton, deposed, being sent for, on Tuesday evening, to attend upon the deceased, who was, when he arrived, in a state of perfect insensibility. There were no blows upon the body which could have caused, in his opinion, a man's death. There was a general discoloration from the waist upwards. He bled him in the arm, and applied leeches to his temples, and also endeavored to administer to him a draught, but he could not get it down his throat. His head was beat in a dreadful manner, and he was of opinion that the blows which he received on the head were the cause of his death. The deceased lived from the time he first saw him (about eight o'clock) until twelve o'clock at night.

Mr. Morris Jones, of Hampton, surgeon and apothecary, sworn. He attended the deceased; his head was a complete mass of blood; and not a single feature was distinguishable. He had not the least doubt but the blows which Curtis received upon his head were the cause of his death. He believed that a blood-vessel had broken in his head, and the only hopes that he had of his recovery were by his bleeding profusely.

Richard Combs, fishmonger, at Hampton, sworn. He was present at the fight between the deceased and Turner. It was a pitched battle. He never heard of there being a quarrel between Curtis and Turner; saw Curtis enter the ring at about half-past one o'clock; Turner entered directly after. They stripped, shook hands, and then commenced fighting. When they had fought more than an hour, witness went up to Curtis and advised him to give in; but he observed, that he could see, and should beat his opponent yet. Curtis was at this time in a situation the most dreadful; blood poured from every pore in his head; his eyes, nose, and mouth were running with blood in streams; he and his seconds advised him not to fight any longer, and forced him to the ropes, but he broke from them and faced Turner again. The third round after he forced himself from his seconds, Turner gave him a very heavy blow, which threw him, and Turner fell upon him; he was raised up by his seconds, and the battle ended: Turner was declared the conqueror. Curtis was carried by his friends to the Red Lion, at Hampton, in a state of insensibility; leeches were applied to his temples, and five of them drew a great deal of blood; Mr. Gilchrist, a surgeon, at Twickenham, was present, and advised a little brandy and water to be put in his mouth, which made him sick; Curtis afterwards appeared a little better, and he raised his head upon the pillow, which appeared to relieve him: Curtis grew sick again between eleven and twelve, and as he held him in his arms his under-jaw fell, and he appeared to be dying. Curtis expired in a few minutes afterwards without any convulsion or groan. He was informed that Curtis had been, previous to the fight, about a month very unwell, with a certain disease, in an hospital; he had also been under the care of two physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital. His friends, thinking him not in a sound state, advised him not to fight; but Curtis was determined. He never saw a fairer fight. Turner could have struck him several times between the fiftieth and sixtieth (last) rounds, when he would not, on account of his having such an advantage over his opponent; at one time he stood over Curtis as he leaned against the ropes, and might have given him a violent blow, having him wholly in his power; instead of doing so, he lifted up his hands and walked away.

Another witness, sworn, also observed, that, for about twelve rounds before the termination of the contest, he told Curtis he had no chance to win, and that it was a pity he should suffer himself to be beaten to peices. The reply was, that he could not lose the battle; and he maintained this assertion against every remonstrance, until he fell in the last round, and never recovered from a state of stupor. Oliver, his second, advised him also in vain to resign long before the battle was decided, and the umpire refused to hold the watch any longer, but the deceased entertained a notion that he could win until the moment he fell. The evidence of this witness went to explain on the subject of the fall. He stated, that, in the struggle for superiority, both men were down, and that Turner had an opportunity of doing mischief to his adversary, by falling upon him, but he broke from him, and behaved in a manner, as he had done in other instances during the fight. After this fall, Curtis never recovered from the stupor; and witness believed him to be in a dying state before he reached the inn at Hampton. After being put to bed, Mr. Jones, the Surgeon, pronounced him to be in a dangerous state, and witness, together with the people at the Inn, used every exertion in procuring medical aid. The deceased at this time was cold at the extremities, and appeared to be dying.

It was further confirmed, that Turner had forborne to take advantage of his adversary when he had him upon the ropes, and that he showed much fair play during the combat.

The Coroner now addressed the Inquest to the following purport:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—I have read over the whole of the evidence which has been adduced, and it is now my duty to point out to you, what is the chief point for you to consider with regard to your verdict. It is proved there was no previous quarrel between Turner and the unfortunate deceased, before their contest at Moulsey-hurst; but notwithstanding, it is my duty to tell you that the meeting was unlawful, for Turner had no right to beat Curtis, because he had his consent, until he died, although they did not agree to fight till one had killed the other; yet such was the fact in evidence, that the extremities of Curtis were dead before he left the ring. There are certainly several features in favor of Turner. It appears that he could several times, when he did not, have not only disabled the deceased, but that he had him at one time so much in his power that he could have put an end to the contest, and that he avoided taking the opportunity of an advantage; still the deceased died in consequence of the wounds he received from Turner. I have stated what appears in favor of Turner; and, on the other side, that he acted unlawfully; and you cannot discharge your duty, in my opinion, unless you find him guilty in some degree—to what degree it is for you to determine."

The Coroner, having left the room, the Jury were in consultation for twenty minutes, when they returned a verdict of manslaughter.

Immediately after the Coroner's warrant was obtained, the body of the deceased was conveyed away in a hearse to London. The coffin-plate stated Curtis to be 28 years of age. He was five feet in height, and weighed 10 stone 2 pounds.

Upon the issuing of the warrant, Turner was soon found ready to pay obedience to the laws of his country.

THE TRIAL.

On Friday, November 1, 1816, at the Old Bailey Sessions, Edward Turner was indicted for the wilful murder of John Curtis, by inflicting with both his hands divers blows upon his head, face, body, sides, and belly, on the 23nd of October, whereof he died.

The witnesses called on the part of the prosecution were Mr. Griffinhoof, the surgeon, Richard Coombs, &c. whose depositions were exactly similar to what they gave on the Coroner's Inquest, as stated in the preceding pages and renders their repitition here totally unnecessary.

The evidence being gone through on the part of the Crown, Turner, when called upon for his defence, put in a written paper as follows:—

"My Lords gentlemen of the Jury,—"Deeply impressed with the great peril to which I am exposed by the present heavy charge made against me, and with the difficulty I necessarily experience in substantiating my innocence, owing to the danger to which most competent witnesses of the transaction would be exposed, were they to be examined, I must solicit your most serious attention to such facts as I shall be enabled to lay before you, by which I trust not only my natural disposition will appear, but that on the occasion of the sad catastrophe imputed to me, I was goaded into a consent to fight the deceased, who was himself a prize-fighter, and with the greatest reluctance I entered the ring, after being assaulted and pursued with the most unremitting vigilance; and when I did so, as soon as I ascertained my superiority over my antagonist, I forbore, on very many occasions, to avail myself of the advantages that presented themselves to me, and with the greatest reluctance I continued the contest until the circumstance occurred which led to the unfortunate event which I ever must deplore, and which has placed me in my present awful situation.

"I beg to state, that my pursuits in life are honest, and my aversion to prize-fighting great, never before having fought a pitched battle; nor should I on this occasion, but for the great aggravation which will be proved I received. I assure your Lordships and Gentlemen of the Jury, that I am totally innocent of any intention to seriously injure the deceased, and that there never existed in my mind the smallest particle of malice towards him. I trust, therefore, that my character for humanity and forbearance will have its due weight on this occasion."

During the time the Clerk of the Arraigns was reading the defence, the feelings of Turner were so oppressed, that he was observed to shed tears.

His counsel, Mr. Andrews, (who had scarcely time to look over his brief, in consequence of Mr. Adolphus not being in Court, although retained some days previous to the trial, for Turner,) then proceeded to call a multitude of witnesses, all of whom gave him an excellent character for humanity and mildness of disposition; some of them stated that he had never fought a pitched battle before, and that he was urged to the contest by the frequent importunities of the deceased, who was not easy until he obtained his promise to fight him.

Baron Graham, in charging the Jury, said, this was not a case accompanied by any circumstances that indicated previous malice on the part of the prisoner. It appeared from the evidence, that the prisoner was not one of those men who devoted themselves to the dangerous profession of prize-fighting. He was, it seemed, supposed to be a young man of prowess, a victory over whom would increase the fame of his opponent, and therefore he was urged, nay goaded, to fight the battle which ended so lamentably. There was certainly premeditation enough, on his part, to make the crime murder, provided the parties had fought with those dangerous weapons, which were likely to produce death. The law was quite certain and decided on this point. For if people met (a smaller period even than a day having expired between their quarrel and their meeting) to fight with deadly weapons, and that death ensued, it was murder—because what the law called malice was apparent—the act was done in cold blood. The present appeared to have been a display of manhood and courage; and whilst they disapproved of such a rencontre occurring between two young men, they could not feel that horror (this being a trial of natural courage and manhood) which, under other circumstances, they might entertain. Under the circumstances stated, the prisoner and the deceased met to fight on the 22d of October—but they met to fight with those natural arms, which, certainly, when strong men were opposed to each other, might produce fatal effects, yet were not, in general, likely to occasion dreadful consequences, and the contemplation of which could not excite those feelings which deadly and dangerous weapons were calculated to produce. It seemed evident that nothing like malice existed in the mind of the prisoner. It was, as he had before observed, a trial of prowess—no malice appeared, at least on the part of the prisoner. He did not wish to cast any reflection on the memory of a dead man; but, looking strictly to the circumstances, perhaps an imputation of an angry feeling might rest on the deceased. It was in evidence, that, during the contest of nearly an hour and a half, the prisoner had cautiously and humanely avoided using, to the extent he might have done, the decided advantage and superiority which he had over the deceased. There was nothing in his conduct like deliberate cruelty, or a desire to injure his adversary, farther than by the result occasioned by his efforts to show himself the better man. Water, it appeared, had frequently been thrown upon the deceased, in the course of the fight, he having previously taken large quantities of a very powerful medicine (mercury). But a medical gentleman had stated, that such ablutions could not have materially affected him at that time; and, perhaps, considering the exertions he was making, they might have refreshed him. The prisoner evidently showed that humanity which did him credit and honor. It appeared that he greatly regretted being obliged to continue the fight, in consequence of the determination of the deceased. The principal part of the charge, therefore, that of murder, was quite out of the question; but there could be no doubt of the killing and slaying, which the law considered a very high offence. The consequence had indeed been fatal to that unhappy young man; but it would be extremely unjust to say Turner was responsible for those consequences, as being the cause of them. It was a fact, unquestionably true, that Turner had no hostility whatever to the deceased, for, on the contrary, he had shown himself actuated by the purest motives of humanity during the whole contest, and likewise, from the numerous previous

insults he had offered to Turner, were long and painfully endured without any retaliation. This was honorable to his patience. The taking away the life of the young man, by the prisoner, was clearly proved; for the surgeon had stated, that death had ensued, as he had expected, in consequence of the injuries he had received.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Late English Sporting News.

## THE RING.

### FIGHTS TO COME.

[*From Bell's Life in London, March 5.*]

APRIL 4.—Jesse Halton and Dick Ellis, £10 aside, London.

APRIL 4.—Owen Lee and Smith's Novice, £10 aside, London.

APRIL 11. The Spider and Alfred Walker---£100 a side, London.

APRIL 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

APRIL 25. Bill Barry and Hawkes of Birmingham--£100 a side, London.

MAY 2.—Cook of Bayswater and Nick Hannigan, £25 aside, London.

MAY 2.—Baker and Norton, £15 aside, London.

MAY 10.—Crockett and Collins—£25 aside, London.

MAY 23. Johnny Walker and Billy Hayes---£100 a side London.

### *FIGHT BETWEEN SAYERS AND SIMS, FOR SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS.*

The mill between Tom Sayers and Sims, an East Ender, came off, according to arrangement, on Tuesday, Tom Sayers staking £50 to his adversary's £25. As it was looked upon as a "certainty" for Tom Sayers by all the "cognoscenti," the match excited but little interest from the commencement, and, as a natural consequence, the attendance of spectators was by no means numerous. It is only fair to add, however, that the paucity of company was in some degree owing to the excellent arrangements of Alec Keene and Mr. Chaddock, the backers of the men, who kept the whereabouts so perfectly dark that the non-paying fraternity were regularly thrown off the scent. It was known that a special train had been engaged, and, as a matter of course, all thought that a trip of some eighty miles down the rail was intended. Instead of this, however, the special was only chartered as far as North Woolwich, and here the Waterman No. 10 was in waiting to convey the patrons of the excursion to their destination. No time being lost in embarkation, the boat was under weigh before ten o'clock, and as the owners and charterers of the piratical craft which usually attend the aquatic excursions of the Fancy were not "fly" to the movement, there was no opposition.—The price charged by the special adventurers was too high for any but the *elite* of the pugilistic world, and we consequently had a small but aristocratic party. It was a charming day, although, somewhat cold, and all looked forward to a "comfortable" mill of about an hour, but their expectations, as the sequel will show, were completely baulked and crossed. After a trip of some two miles beyond Purfleet, the vessel turned her head round, and made for Long Reach. The move lower down the river having been made for the purpose of deceiving a party of Cheapsiders, who had got wind of the affair, and who were "twigged" making their way to Greenhithe on board a Gravesend boat, and who, it was hoped, would continue their course to the Town Pier, under the persuasion that the excursion was bound for the Lower Hope. As soon as the vessel came to an anchor, a disembarkation was commenced, and carried out without difficulty, except in the case of Jem Burn, who, after muttering innumerable anathemas, loud as well as deep, against the managers of the expedition, who had deluded him into an aquatic trip against his will, submitted, with as good a grace as possible, and who narrowly escaped losing one of his legs, which was seized upon by one of his too ready assistants, to lower him into a boat. Tom Oliver and his aide-de-camps were not long fixing the lists, and the men threw their tiles within the ropes and stakes by half-past eleven o'clock, amidst as much cheering as could be raised amongst a company which did not number 100 persons. Sayers was waited upon by the renowned Bob Fuller and Jemmy Massey, while the Novice was valeted by Jemmy Welsh and Harry Orme.

Sayers, on stripping, appeared to be nothing but muscles, sinews and bones; there was not a superfluous ounce about him, and he was the very perfection of condition. His eyes were as bright as gems, and there was a look of careless confidence, which proved with what feelings he regarded the forthcoming contest. To enter into a history of his doings would be absurd, seeing that they were fully recorded in our columns as lately as October last. He was about a pound under his weight, 10 stone 7 pound.

Sims is comparatively unknown to fame. He has, however, twice appeared in the fistic arena; first with one Waldron, a bigger and heavier man than himself, whom he vanquished after a contest of some three hours; and secondly, with Jem Parker, brother to Con, to whom he had to succumb after a hard battle. We were led to believe that he stood 6 feet high, but on our introduction to him we found that he did not exceed 5 feet 10½ inches—about 2½ inches taller than his adversary. His age is 23, and he is a well-made, good humored looking young fellow, of quite unassuming demeanor. He seemed perfectly collected, and, although he evidently felt that he had undertaken a difficult task, there was a smile upon his physiognomy which betokened anything but fear.

While the men were arranging their costumes, there were many offers to lay and take odds, but little business was done. We heard two bets laid, one of £20 to £9, and another of £20 to £8 on Sayers, and subsequently, the admirers of the gallant Tom offered 3 to 1. During the settlement of preliminaries, there was the usual amount of exhortations on the part of Mishter Coobidy and his Israelite assistant to "come and eat;" but it being early times, hunger had not yet got the better of discretion, and the fried fish and bread did not meet with its usual patronage, especially as it was known that Mr. Dan Pinxton, who catered so admirably at the mill between Poulson and Paddock, had again undertaken the commissariat, and had laid in an ample supply of "belly timber" on board the steamer. By five minutes to twelve o'clock all was in readiness, "Time" was called, and the heroes, after the usual daddle-shaking, commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Sims, although much taller than Sayers, seemed quite a lath before him, and as soon as he held up his hands, displayed such extreme awkwardness, that it was evidently "sovereigns to sassingers" on Sayers, and Dan Dismore immediately offered 4 to 1 on him, which was taken by Jem Burn on the off chance. Sims, after a little unartistic squaring, lunged out awkwardly, and caught Tom on the chest with his left. Tom, who was evidently waiting to find out what his adversary could do, returned smartly on the gob, and in getting back, fell on his corybungus.

2. Tom grinned, dodged his man, and on the latter wildly sending out his left, countered him on the nozzle heavily. Sims immediately closed, and Tom seizing him round the neck, pegged away with his right at the ribs and left peeper, until both fell.

3. Sims led off, evidently without any settled plan; he caught Tom slightly on the mouth, and the latter again countered him heavily on the snout, deciding the first event in his favor, by producing an excellent supply of the best crimson dye. Sims did not like this, and again closed, when Tom fibbed him heavily on the proboscis, drawing more of the ruby, and then on the left eye, and both again fell.

4, and last. Sims, on coming up, looked much flushed; his left ogle winked again, as if he saw so many bright stars as to be perfectly dazzled. He attempted to lead off, but was countered with the greatest ease by Tom on the left eye and mouth. He retreated as if bothered, and then went in again, when Tom let go both hands, the left on the smeller, and the right with terrific effect over the left brow, inflicting a deep cut, and drawing a copious supply of the best double-distilled. Sims was evidently stunned by the hit, for as Sayers caught hold of him, he fell back, and Tom rolled over him. It was at once perceptible that it was all over; poor Sims lay perfectly insensible and motionless. His seconds did their best to stop the leak in his *os frontis*, but for some time without effect; and, as for rendering him capable of hearing the call of "Time!" that was quite out of the question, and Tom Sayers, to his own astonishment, and the disappointment of those who had expected a rattling mill, was declared the conqueror, after a skirmish of exactly five minutes. Poor Tom was so bewildered that he could not make it out; he evidently did not know he had made so decided a hit, and displayed considerable anxiety to ascertain the state of his less fortunate opponent. A medical gentleman was present, who soon did the needful for the poor fellow, and in about five minutes more he was himself again, and was able to walk about. He was quite dumbfounded as to the result, and expressed a strong wish to be thrown into the river; but, after some persuasion from his friends, became more calm, and thought it "better to live to fight another day."

After this too brief engagement several attempts were made to get up a purse fight, but to no purpose. Several candidates for the honor appeared on hearing that a subscription had been made; but on its being attempted to put them together there was sure to be an objection on one side or the other, and so the spectators were compelled to return to their vessel with their love of milling unsated. All were on board by one o'clock, and the vessel then returned to North Woolwich, whence the passengers were conveyed to the metropolis by train with all due speed, many arriving at the Shoreditch minus their nutshells, a general hat-destroying movement having taken place in one of the carriages, not less than twenty good and almost new tiles having been completely torn to ribbons by the *voyageurs* in an indiscriminate but friendly *melee*. Whether any of the travelers had been *squared* by a hatter in Bishopsgate street, or whether the bump of destructiveness had suddenly seized upon all at once, it is difficult to say; but this is certain, that one worthy being bonneted and his tile crushed, it was the work of a moment for him to retaliate, and the horse play did not cease until all who had joined in it found themselves at Shoreditch in the state we have described.

REMARKS.

A few words are all that are called for in the shape of remarks on this mill. Sims was from the first overmatched. He is neither strong enough, nor clever enough, to hope for a chance when pitted against such a consummate boxer as Sayers. He has not a single "point" about him, as a boxer, and unless he is content to confine his essays to men of his own calibre, until he has obtained more experience, he had better retire altogether. He is a civil, well behaved lad, and may perhaps a few years hence arrive at a higher position in the P. R. than he at present enjoys; but he must bide his time, until his frame becomes more hardy and his experience more matured.

Tom Sayers and his tactics are too well known to require comment. He, on Tuesday, did all that was reqired of him, and left the ring without a scratch. We never saw him in better fettle, and if he ever had a day on which he was better than he ever had been before, that day was Tuesday. An easier job never fell to man's lot, and the best wish that his friends can express is, that he may never have a worse. The battle-money is to be handed to Tom Sayers, at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-st., Soho, on Thursday evening next.

### Pedestrianism.

JAMES PUDNEY OF MILE END AND WILLIAM JACKSON (THE AMERICAN DEER).—The second deposit, of £10 aside, for this 10 miles race, for £25 aside and the Ten Mile Championship Belt, won by Jackson at the "Cope," was made good on Monday last at Mr. Crowther's, the Globe Inn, Halifax. The next deposit of £10 aside, is to be made to-morrow (Monday), and the last, of £10 against the belt, before twelve o'clock on on the day of running, which is fixed for Monday, 13th of March, at Westhill Park, Halifax.

DONNELLY AND JONES.—Ned Donnelly called on us on Friday, to cover the £10 left in our hands by Jones of Portsmouth to fight at 10st, for £100 aside, and was greatly disappointed to find that Jones had withdrawn his £10. Donnelly will now meet him at Jem Burn's on Tuesday next according to his challenge, and trusts that Jones will come to terms, or for ever cease from challenging him.

Jack Jones of Portsmouth has now friends ready and willing to back him for any sum from £100 to £500.—Noon has lately talked much of fighting him, and Jones says he will be glad to make a match with him at 9st 8lb or 9st 9lb, for £100 or £200 aside; or he will fight Donnelly for any sum he likes. Either match can be made at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air street, on Tuesday next. Should he not make either of the above matches, Jones will fight the winner of the battle between Hayes and Johnny Walker, for £100 or £200 aside.

ALF WALKER AND SPIDER.—A further deposit of £5 aside for this match was made on Tuesday at Mr. Clake's, the St. Martin, Duke-street, Adelphi. The eighth, of £5 aside, to be posted on Tuesday next, at Mr. Wallace's Blue Anchor, Bunhill-row.

JOHNNY WALKER AND HAYES.—These men are to make a further deposit of £10 aside at Jemmy Welsh's, George, East Harding-street, Farrrington Market, on Wednesday next.

TOM PADDOCK AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—Paddock, ever anxious to be at work, wishes to make a match with Harry Orme, for £200 aside, at catch weight. Money ready at any time at Alec Keen's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho.

## WRESTLING.

### The Oldest Sport on Record.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

Having discussed this point fully, and, we hope, satisfactorily, to the experienced wrestler, we will offer a few remarks upon the hold recommended in the third rule. It is surely a most important and desirable thing, that the same method of taking hold should prevail throughout this and the adjacent countries; because, by practising in some places with loose, and in others with tight holds, when they meet for some considerable prize, no hold satisfactory to all parties can be obtained. This evidently compelled the author of any treatise on the subject to lay down some one particular manner to be resorted to as a standard, when any dispute occurred. The one which seemed to us best adapted to this difficult point is, as we have before remarked in our observations upon it, such a one as the tight-hold wrestler may gather with, or strike from, and, at the same time, one which does not prevent the loose-hold wrestler from making use of his own peculiar mode. Such a medium between the two extremes is the thing evidently calculated to compromise the subject in dispute. As the parties are equally standing without inclining to either side—exactly fronting each other—at liberty to breathe freely—and feeling each other by the junction of their breasts—all characteristics of a fair, and which cannot exist in an unfair, hold—they are at full and equal liberty to attack with vigor, and every part of the frame may at once be promptly combined to repel, and on the alert to take any advantage which may present itself in consequence of the attack.

But still, after all that can be said respecting the superiority of any particular method of taking hold, considerable practice, and attachment to almost any, will render a man very dexterous in it Accordingly, we may see many acknowledged first-rate wrestlers differ as much in their notions of taking hold as in their methods of assault and defense. Thus, Thomas Nicholson and Thomas Todd, two of the best wrestlers of their weight in Cumberland, and saying this, we conceive we might safely add the United Kingdom, or the world, are, or were, both upright standers; while William Richardson, of Caldbeck, (commonly called Ritson,) the winner of more prizes than any other man in the kingdom, was partial to the lean; and John Louden, from the vicinity of Keswick, a first-rate, and a most dangerous customer, was never satisfied without it.

Finally, the circumstance of taking HOLD, while it is the most frequent cause of dissension among wrestlers, is at the same time the most difficult for an impartial spectator, or umpire, to form a correct and decisive judgment upon. The biased and interested spectator, and the well-wishers of either party, are often determined not to be convinced that the fault originates with their favorite. This being the case, those who give the prize ought always promptly to enforce the judgment of the umpire whom they have chosen. The rule for deciding the hold, notwithstanding the difficulty of the subject, is, we hope, sufficiently intelligible to any man who is competent to fulfill the arduous situation of acting as umpire. Being fully conscious, that as harmony and unanimity ought to be the distinguished characteristics of an amusement, we could not be too explicit, or minute, on the point which tends most to interrupt them; such a consideration could alone have induced us to treat everything relative to the subject of taking hold, in so lengthy a manner; but feeling, as we do, that the frequency and splendor of the prizes given to wrestle for, will be considerably influenced by the cordiality displayed by the wrestlers towards each other, it appeared to us an indispensable duty to give this particular subject a full consideration; as shrinking from it would have implied an inability to treat of it,---a stigma, we possess egotism enough to believe, we by no means merit.

Notwithstanding the appearance of "wear and tear" attached to Wrestling (it is insisted by William Litt, a great wrestler for many years,) in contradiction to the foolish, but commonly received opinion, that wrestling is so injurious to the frame that it destroys the constitution in a very few years, and brings on so many aches and rheumatic pains, that many believe a Wrestler when advanced in years must necessarily be a cripple: so far are we from coinciding in this opinion, that, as far as we are able to judge, we have reason to believe it to be a healthful and strengthening exercise. We may be laughed at for such an opinion; but facts are stubborn things, and numerous Wrestlers can be produced who have enjoyed better health than men in general, and lived to a fine old age. In fact, many of the idle stories respecting the terrific consequences are mere chimeras, originating with those who know nothing about it, and credited by those who have had no opportunities of judging for themselves. It is most true that our forefathers cherished these rustic games as the surest means of keeping alive, in times of peace, that martial spirit, and that robust frame of body, which has hitherto opposed such an insuperable barrier to the gigantic efforts of the enemies of our country.

About a century ago, these games were in high repute; but the many restrictions imposed on the diversions of the lower classes of society caused their decay in all parts of the empire, except in some of the western counties of England and a few places in Ireland. We therefore hail the revival of them with pleasure, as we consider them a desirable source of recreation for the peasantry, being devoid of anything brutal or disgusting, and hope to see them patronised to the extent they merit; indeed, Wrestling has become very popular among the admirers of athletic sports in the Metropolis—in proof of which, silver cups, and a variety of other valuable prizes are frequently given by the proprietors of bowling greens, cricket-grounds, &c., to the best Wrestlers, as rewards for their exertions and skill. Among the foremost of the above class of persons stands Mr. THOMAS ROUSE, the well-known spirited proprietor of the Eagle Tavern, in the City Road, who has kept the "*game alive*" ever since the above period, and who may be considered one of the best judges (without a *wig*) in the kingdom as to a general knowledge of society. Tom has *wrestled* with the world to a good purpose; and by his never-tiring exertions he has obtained the smiles of *victory*. In his "*Caleb Quotem*." sort of capacity (for he appears to be at all in the ring) he displays considerable *tact;* and the praise cannot be withheld from him that he has proved himself a good *caterer* for the public, and who also furnishes them with lots of amusement at a truly *reasonable* FIGURE. In his concert-room—I beg pardon, the Grecian Saloon—a tip-top sort of its kind—nay, more, a very brilliant affair, in which authors, musicians, and professional singers are engaged, to give *eclat* to the exertions of the proprietor of the Eagle Tavern. Either in his characters of "mine host," manager of the musical department, or acting as an arbiter in the athletic amusements, to attract and interest the members of the Sporting World, it might be fairly said that Tom Rouse is not only UP and *dressed* in the whole of them, but at home to a *peg*. In short, the hero of the Eagle Tavern is a host within himself, and affords a convincing proof of what may be achieved in this wonderful Metropolis by the union of industry and talent.

It might be asked, why have the inhabitants of CORNWALL and DEVON been so long celebrated for their expertness in Wrestling? Because they learned the art at an early period of life, "for you shall hardly find," says Carew, "an assembly of boys in Devon and Cornwall, where the most untowardly among them will not as readily give you a *muster* (trial) of this exercise as you are prone to require it." Hence, to give a *Cornish hug*, is a proverbial expression. The Cornish, says Fuller, are MASTERS OF WRESTLING, so that, if the Olympian Games were now in fashion, they would come away with the victory.

Their *hug* is a cunning close with their fellow-combatant, the fruit whereof is his fair fall or foil at the least.

We learn from Stow that the citizens of London formerly wrestled on St. Bartholomew's day before the lord mayor and aldermen, who rode out of town on horseback to witness the sport. The Londoners and inhabitants of Westminster also made frequent matches, the reward being usually a ram.—Thus Chaucer says of Sir Mopas:

Of wrestling there was none his pere
Where any ram shulde stonde.

Before Chaucer's time, however, a cock seems to have been a frequent prize.

In order that the reader may form his own judgment of the various wrestlers who have won various prizes, we have selected the best of the matches that have taken place within the Metropolis during the last three or four years, excepting the following great contest, which took place between Abraham Cann and Polkinhorne, at Devonport, October 23, 1826. It is impossible to describe the intense interest which the match between Cann and Polkinhorne excited in the neighborhood. These men being considered the two best men of their respective counties, Devon and Cornwall, their long-anticipated trial for the mastery had been eagerly waited for by the lovers of this athletic sport. The frequent challenges that had been, from time to time, sent to each other by the two champions, and which had hitherto ended in mere words, created a suspicion that they were afraid of one another; and there is no doubt that the wish to destroy this impression was the chief cause of the meeting. Ever since it had been known that these renowned heroes of the wrestling ring would try a fall for the honor of their counties, the large population of these towns, (70,000,) and of the country for more than fifty miles round, had been on tiptoe for the event.

There is an evident difference between the wrestling of the two counties; but the peculiarity of the former is kicking below the knee, and the seeming indifference with which practised Devonshire wrestlers receive the most violent contusions on the legs, is truly astonishing. Although the rules of the game allow the legs to be padded, it is very rare that the candida es wear more than a single stocking. The Cornish wrestlers invariably enter the ring without shoes, and they bear the severest kicks from their Devonshire antagonists without making the slightest attempt to return the compliment. The most formidable kicker in the West is, perhaps, John Jordan, a North-of-Devon man, some six feet three or four inches high, and whose Herculean proportions have procured for him the cognomen of "the Devonshire Giant." This man's prowess has caused him to be excluded from most of the annual matches in the vicinity of Devonport, the bills announcing such games generally containing the parenthetical words, "John Jordan excepted;" for he almost always bore off the chief prize. Jordan has more than once thrown Cann, and Cann has, in his turn, thrown Jordan; and considerable doubt still exists as to which is the better man. The latter is confident in his own superiority, and has frequently been heard to declare, in his own slang phraseology, that he would "kick Cann all to rags in five minutes." For the information of those who are not acquainted with the difference between Devonshire and Cornish wrestling, it may be well to remark, that the former is generally characterised by kicking and tripping, while the latter consists more of the close struggle. Who has not heard of the Cornish hug?

The influx of strangers into Devonport was immense. The beds of all the inns were engaged, and numerous individuals were obliged to seek lodgings in private families. Visitors flocked from Exeter, Barnstable, Bideford, Tavistock, Dartmouth, and the most distant parts of the county, and there was a pretty considerable sprinkling of the Tres, Pols, and Pens, from Falmouth, Truro, Penzance, Launceston, St. Michael's Mount, and even from that *ultima thule* of England, the Land's End, mustering, "one and all," to witness the feats of their champion. There were, besides, present a great number of wrestlers, old and young, retired and practical, from the bleak wilds of Dartmoor and the sterile regions of the South Hams; and not deficient were the mighty "huggers" from the hard-named hamlets of the land of pilchards.

The spot chosen for the contest between Cann and Polkinhorne was a large enclosed yard at Moricetown, a village about a quarter of a mile from Devonport, and the scene of many a celebrated struggle between the prime men of Devon and Cornwall, it being situated on the bank of the river Tamar, which separates the two counties. The yard alluded to, which formed, in time of war, part of a large government establishment, presented the finest possible arena for such a display. Exclusive of the ground occupied by the seats, which were fitted up for the comfortable accommodation of 10,000 spectators, there remained an expanse of level springy turf, 400 feet long, and 110 feet wide, for the wrestlers. At one end of the yard an extensive range of warehouses were fitted up as an inn by Mr. Elliott, of the Devonport Hotel, for the purpose of affording accommodation and refreshment. The prices of admission to the ring were five shillings and half-a-crown.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

### Aquatics.

TIDE WORK—NO. 3.

OUR CORNER, Philad. 27th March, '54.

MR. EDITOR: Since the advent of our first article on "tide work," we have been much derided by old fogies, and verdant aspirants in the real manly sport of yachting. The young beginner now-a-days takes his first lesson in the management of a sail boat, *by handling the tillers*, and as soon as he has learned to *up* and *down* helm at once imagines himself a "sailing master" of the first *water* though he may scarcely be able to discriminate between the *stem* and *transom* of his own boat. Such are the "lubbers" that rail against us. We are not, however, above the teachings of even an "*eel-skin*" waterman, if he *prove* himself competent to instruct. In short, we solicit criticism, and would gladly profit by those who may be pleased to take the *wind* out of our sails, or *head-reach* upon us, on the subject of "tide-work." Sheet her home, boys, and let her rip. From Reedy Island light—wind south west—ebb tide—homeward bound—you follow up the Jersey shore to Bulkhead bar, thence over to New Castle, so along the Delaware shore until abreast of Deepwater; here, if the wind be not too much off the lands you may stand over to windward, thereby slacking your tide, and shortening distance vastly, by avoiding the heavy bend of the river. Proceed along the Jersey side, passing in to windward of Chester Island, thence over and up Tinicum to the eastward; when off the upper spit, cross over to the high ground, so along by Billingsport, hugging the shore close; as you proceed, feel your way up the outer edge of the flats, until up with Lodge's bar. The course to be pursued from this point to the Horse Shoe, is involved in a good deal of speculation and doubt. Some go so far as to say that it is not proper to take the Jersey shore at all after you leave Tinicum, but pass up around *Maiden's* Island, *breasting* the strong tide setting off from the "Middles," and over for Hog (a *hog* indeed) Island. Thence up the Pennsylvania shore to the Horse Shoe. From Lodge's sands, some pass up to leeward of Red Bank bar, until off the Ferries, and thence over to League Island, &c. This is undoubtedly the road for a yacht of any magnitude, but for a skiff or very small boat, you hold the Jersey shore close aboard all the way up to the "Bank;" when, to avoid Howell's Cove, you fall in to leeward of the "Shoe;" thence over for Gloucester, and up the Jersey shore "*to hums*" Some run Howell's Cove all the way rather than cross the tide; its a *long* road to travel, however, and if there be wind enough for you to make head against the current, it should be avoided. Besides, when the water is off the flats, the body tide from the ships channel binds in close to the shore, and it is difficult to "shirk" it. On the other hand, after you have once crossed, you slip up along League Island almost entirely screened from the tide. The fate of several races has been decided at this very point. See account of the Morris and Shifler race, for $500, in which the former boat, Captain Broadwater, was the victor. The latter boat, Vansciver, of Burlington, Master, when up with the "Bank" and only *one mile* from the flag boat at the terminus, was at least *five miles* ahead of the Morris, but want of decision in the "Jerseyman," and his persistant for his *native soil*, lost him the race, he having persisted in keeping hold of the Jersey shore, in the very face of a strong ebb tide, whilst his wily opponent cunningly sneaked along in the quiet water under the Island, and won the race by about 200 yards. The reader will observe that the Morris came the last six miles before the Shifler closed the hole in one. I could cite other cases in *point*, proving the correctness of my position, but refrain from doing so, unless forced into it by opposition. There has not been a match or regatta on the Delaware river for the last *ten* years, that we have not witnessed and made *note of*, and we profess to be "booked" up in every particular,—besides, we ourselves *rudder* sometimes. Oh, yes, we can trim a sheet, *haul out a clew*, tie a tuck, or "spin a yarn," almost as well as Billy Vanhook, and he is "some."

Yours, truly,
FLINTS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Miss Heron's Prize Play.

A gentleman named Gerard of this city, is said to be the successful competitor for the $500, offered by Miss Heron, about a year ago, for the best play. The title of the play is "Retribution."

## RIFLE SHOOTING.

TROY, March 21st, 1854.

*Editor of the Clipper*—SIR—In consequence of an incorrect statement of a Rifle Shooting Match that was to come off at the Troy Nail Factory on the 20th inst., being published in your last publication, I am induced to make known to the public the whole proceedings of the above match. Mr. McChesney gave a verbal challenge, that he would shoot a Rifle match against any man in Troy, for $100 aside. This challenge I did not mind, in consequence of the treatment I received when I shot the match with him before, for $100. I believe it is two years since his friends resorted to everything in their power to make me lose the match. I refrain from mentioning the acts resorted to, when I was shooting, and under all the unfavorable circumstances I won the match.

I said then that I would have no more to do with him, for I do not think there is one spark of a gentleman about him, or one of his party. If I match a man I want to do it fair and honorable; I make no baby matches. If I am matched, I shall shoot if it is in my power. I do not think of drawing forfeit or paying it. I believe in doing the thing even, and nothing else.

Three weeks after I shot the match with Mr. McChesney, Mr. Dexter, of Troy, one of my friends, matched McChesney for $100, and beat him, so that he did not finish his string. Mr. Dexter used a rifle of my make—Mr. McChesney used a rifle made by C. Westen. In both instances those matches were not published.

When I shoot a match at rest, I do it to show the superiority of my rifles over others, not to prove my superior skill over others as a marksman, but merely to show the goodness of my rifles. When I want to show my skill in Rifle Shooting, I do it off hand. This is what I call skill in Rifle Shooting, and I have no objections in giving any gentleman a chance to make a match with me for $50 or $100 aside.

The following letter of Mr. John Heynor's, as published in the Troy Daily Times, specifies the result of the Rifle Shooting match between Mr. McChesney and a Troy Rifle shooter.

Yours, NELSON LEWIS.

### Notice.

NAIL FACTORY, March 21st, 1854.

*Editor of the Times:* SIR—The Shooting Match that was to come off yesterday here, between the celebrated and distinguished riflemen, Mr. Adam McChesney, and another rifleman of Troy, for $100 aside, ended in McChesney backing out. A report was circulated and published that the above match was to come off between McChesney and Nelson Lewis, a forfeit of $25 aside put up, and an agreement drawn up to the satisfaction of all parties. Now this is false. Mr. Lewis never agreed to shoot the match in any way whatever.

The whole proceedings are as follows: Mr. Adam McChesney gave a verbal challenge that he would shoot a match against any man in the city of Troy for $100 aside, at rest, and one of Mr. McChesney's friends, a Mr. Thompson and I made a match on that challenge—I giving liberty to choose any man desired in Troy to shoot. We put up $25 aside forfeit, and the match to come off at the Nail Factory, March 20th, 1854.

I then mentioned Nelson Lewis to shoot for me. I then went to Mr. Lewis and asked him if he would shoot the match. He said he would not; that he considered McChesney beneath his notice, so far as rifle shooting concerned him; and that at the present time he had a match of more importance to attend to.

I then went to another man in Troy, whom I thought would beat McChesney, although he never shot a match, and asked him if he would shoot the match for me. He said he would. Mr. Thompson and I then finally agreed that Mr. McChesney and my man should meet at the Nail Factory yesterday, and decide the match, and the forfeit was held as such.

To my surprise, Mr. Thompson called on me a few days before the match was to come off, and asked me to let him draw his forfeit, telling me that Mr. McChesney would not shoot the match. I then gave liberty for Mr. Thompson to get his money that he put up on the part of McChesney.

This is what I call a square "back out" by Mr. Adam McChesney.

Yours obedient, JOHN HEYNOR.

## THE TURF.

### The Excitement on the increase.

STATE POST STAKE.

The following are the arrangements for this great event.

STATE POST STAKE.—For all ages.—Four mile heats. Five thousand dollars subscription, p. p. Three or more States subscribing to make a race. Each horse starting to receive $1,000 out of the stakes, provided he is not distanced, and the winner to receive the remainder. One horse only to start for any State. To close on the 1st of January 1854. The race to be run over the Metairie Course, New-Orleans, according to the rules of said Course, on the Saturday previous to the April race-week of 1854. Each State subscribing, to be represented by the signatures of three responsible gentlemen, residents of said State, a majority of whom shall name the horse to start. The stakes to be deposited with the President of the New-Orleans Metairie Jockey Club, two days previous to the race.

There is, and doubtless will continue to be, considerable discussion as to the relative merits of the horses which should run from the different States. A great many have been suggested, and, as it is a post race, there is no probability the public will be fully informed of the names of the contestants until the day of the race. *Charmer, Nima, Reube, Louis d'Or, Dick Doty, Compromise, Arrow, Lexington, Blonde, Berry, Highlander,* and *Lecompt*, all have their supporters. It is probable, however, that *Lexington, Lecompt, Arrow,* and *Highlander* will be the champions, and, on account of that probability, we append the History of *Highlander*, taken from the *Picayune*.

At Augusta, Ga., January 11, 1853, at 3 years old he met and beat six horses at 2 mile heats. Time, 3:52—3:44½.

At Charleston, S. C., February 2, 1853, he met two *Bostons*, a colt by *Tempest*, and one by *Sovereign*, 2 mile heats, won by him in two heats. Time, 3:44—3:46.

At same place, February 5, 1853, in a handicap, against *Jeff. Davis*, and *Isabella*, three mile heats, winning the two last heats. Time, 5:54—5:48—5:55.

At Columbia, S. C., December, 1853, he met *Griff Edmondson* and some others, at 3 mile heats; won in two heats, and making the fastest time by five seconds, ever run over the track.

At Augusta, Ga., January 9, 1854, he won his match against *Compromise*, $5,000 a side, 3 mile heats. Time, 5:158—6:06.

At the same place, on the 14th of January, he won his match against *Frank Irwin*, for $3,000 aside, 2 mile heats. Time, 3:50—3:50.

Of *Lexington*, a writer in the *Delta* says: "His first race was in Lexington, Ky., over a heavy track, with the rain pouring at the time. He ran away with three other horses, on a false start, and with the usual time between heats, won the race in two straight heats, distancing four; thus, within five days, beating sixteen and distancing ten of the best horses in Kentuckey. There are few living horses that can present such brilliant testimonials as these." He is a Boston Colt, out of *Alice Carneal*, and has never been beaten.

*Arrow* is a Boston, likewise, out of *Jeannotteau*. He ran at the last winter meeting, January 6, 1854, a single dash of four miles over the Metairie Course, against *Flea* and *White Eagle*. The first mile was done in 1:50½; the second in 1:49½; the third 1:54½: and the fourth in 2:04½—Total, 7:39. Arrow won easily.

January 13. *Arrow* ran a three mile race against *Blonde Maid of Orleans, Jericho* and *Flying Flea*, and owing, as is said, to bad management, was beaten. The time of the last heat was 5:52.

*Lecomte*, the entry for Mississippi, is pretty well known here. He is a Boston, out of *Reel*, but has never exhibited his powers in anything beyond two mile heats.

He won the race, mile heats, over the Metairie, on the 6th of January, in 1:47—1:47.

Jan. 12, he won again over *Mary Taylor, Joe Blackburn* and *Medina*, two mile heats, in 3:54½—3:52½.

Jan. 19, he won another two mile race, in 3:44½—3:35.

It will be seen by this synopsis of what they have done that all the horses intended to be entered are crack nags, and worthy of running in the race which is set before them. One of our cotemporaries notices a somewhat string of singular coincidences concerning them. The *Picayune* says:

"It is curious to notice that of the four horses expected to start in the great stake there are three *Bostons* and one *Glencoe*, three Chesnuts and one bay, three stallions and one gelding, three never beaten, one that has been, three never ran a heat of four miles, one that has, three have made the fastest time on record at some distance on some track, one never has, three have shown in Louisiana, one who never has."

Dr. Warfield, of Kentucky, bred *Lexington*. He is in Col. Bingham's stable at Natchez, and trained by Mr. Prior.

Mr. J. K. Duke, of Kentucky, bred *Blonde*. She is in Judge Hunter's stable in Alabama, and trained by Mr. Jack Minor.

Mr. B. Tenbrock bred *Arrow*. He is in Duncan F. Kenner's stable on the coast, and is trained by Mr. Graves.

*Highlander* is at Mobile, and trained by Mr. Stewart, who has always trained him.

Gen. J. J. Wells, of Rapides, bred *Lecomte*. Hark is his present trainer, and he is at present at Captain W. J. Minor's, on the coast, where his owner, Gen. Wells, and Captain Minor, are directing his exercises.

Such are the horses, such is their history, and such is to be the great State Post Stake to be run on Saturday preceding the race week. On the Thursday next preceding, there will be a race between *Blonde* and *Lecomte*, and on Friday another between *Wild Irishman* and *Compromise*.

Under all the circumstances we do not see how it can occur that their will not be an assemblage of greater size than ever was convened at any race in this country. There was never one so well calculated to enlist partisans and sectional interest, nor one in which heavier stakes were backed by heavier bets. A bet of $10,000 has already been offered, that, if the day, the track and the weather are favorable, the fastest time ever made will be made on this occasion.

UNION COURSE, L.I.—Trotting, Thursday, March 23. Match for $500. Mile heats, in harness.

| | |
|---|---|
| H. Woodruff's br. m. Lady Vernon | 1 1 |
| D. Pfeiffer's g. g. Alvedora | 2 2 |

The brown mare was the favorite at $100 to $50, and the betting was heavy. The horse won the pole, and after the word was given broke. The mare led down the back stretch three or four lengths; round the lower turn the horse closed on her, and they swung on the home stretch side by side, and came through the draw-gate the horse on the mare's wheel. The mare crossed the score a neck ahead, thus winning a closely contested heat. The track was heavy and there was a slim attendance. The mare won the remaining heat and race easy, the horse tiring after the first heat.

### The Wright Burglary.

OUR PHILADELPHIA FRIENDS HOAXED.

We believe that the great Wright burglary, about which such a great outcery was made a few weeks since in Philadelphia, is likely to turn out a hoax, as we surmised in a former number.

It is stated that Mr. Wright, who suffered the burglars to pass up stairs into a room occupied by children, without attempting to stop them, has already recognized *six* different men as those he encountered in his house, although previous to this he stated there were but *four* engaged in the burglary. Like Fallstaff, Mr. Wright will augment these four into a small army if something is not done to stop him. No man who incurs the displeasure of this modern Fallstaff will be safe from a charge of being concerned in the burglary. The *safety of the community* demands a prompt investigation of the matter. The Philadelphians have been pretty well humbugged in this affair, and they should now ferret out the *really guilty* perpetrator or perpetrators of the Wright burglary, and lock him up. Remember the Barnesville robbery.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

APRIL 1, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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### Answers to Correspondents.

*A. and B.*—ALL FOURS.—"In a game of Fours, A was within two of being out, and within one of being out. A had already played high, and held Jack in his hand. B showed the deuce and said he was out. By playing, A could have saved his Jack, and thus went out. A bet of $10 aside is pending upon your decision. Who is correct?" The cards go out in the following order—high, low, Jack and game. Having played high, left the parties each with one of being out. Of course, he who held the lowest card could show out. B, having the deuce in his hand goes out first, and A loses the $10.

*Young Richmond.*—"1. Do you intend publishing the second fight between Caunt and Bendigo; the battles of Molineaux, also those of Richmond? 2. Where was Molineaux born? 1. We are not in possession of the battles of Caunt. The principal battles of Molineaux have already been published in the Clipper. Those of Bill Richmond will be published shortly. 2. In this country. Your suggestion would not work so well with a low priced paper as you imagine. Thank you

*John H. Black.*—1. We believe that tan terriers are the best. 2. We do not know where you will find the work in question.

*A Constant Reader*, Newark, N. J.—Will inquire, and inform you in our next.

*Jamie Raw*, Pittsburgh.—Your communication reached us at too late a day to be of interest.

*Henry H. S.*—A bet is a bet, and unless both parties agree, it cannot be declared off.

*P. R. S.*—Alexander Hamilton died on the 12th of July, 1804, aged 47.

*W. X.*—There is no reasonable doubt in regard to the matter.

*Dummy.*—A stone is equal to 14 pounds weight.

## The Ring in Washington.

BRUTAL PRIZE FIGHT,

BETWEEN FRANK CUTTING AND HARRY BRECKENRIDGE.

A correspondent at Washington sends us the particulars of a match about being made between two celebrated shoulders hitters in that District. It appears that a difficulty has existed for a few days past between Frank Cutting,and Harry Breckenridge, in relation to a certain chap called Nebraska Bill, a stranger in these parts; in fact, this Nebraska Bill may be said to be the actual cause of the muss in question, as well as most of the musses that have occurred in the Prize Ring at Washington, of late. Well, Frank Cutting, it seems, while conversing with a crowd of big shoulder-hitters a day or two since in Washington, made an assertion which reflected rather severely on the character of Nebraska Bill, and intimated that it would be to the interest of the "shoulder-hitters" in that section of the country were he, Bill, to be "dropped" by the "mystic circle," and the "cold-shoulder" given him by those in good standing in the pugilistic world." Harry Breckenridge, who is a particular friend of this Nebraska Bill, and who was anxious to serve him, thought it would be a better plan if they would merely give Bill over to the care of his particular friends, himself, (Breckenridge) included, who, if felt satisfied, would be responsible for the future conduct of Nebraska Bill in the Prize Ring at Washington. Frank Cutting insisted on *his* point, however, and while he professed to be a sincere friend to Bill while he behaved himself, at the same time did not wish to encounter him in a Pugilistic set-to, inasmuch as the said Bill always managed to get up a regular fight before the set-to is ended. Bill being thus pointed out as such a "terrific shoulder-hitter," it was not surprising that the rest of the crowd got a little frightened, and as a natural consequence they all sided with Frank Cutting; and before any one was aware of what was going on, Nebraska Bill, who had promised to bring out the guns of the fistic art in this section of the country, *was tripped up by the feet*, and before he could recover himself, was seized upon by the crowd, who, having tied a 56 pound weight to his neck, as a precaution against his rising to the surface again, *actually threw him overboard*, and stood by pelting him with stones while he struggled to keep his head above water; and there, in the presence of his friends, who were unable to render him their assistance, and amid the tortures of his enemies, who were too cowardly to meet him in a 24 foot roped ring, in a fair stand up fight, according to the latest rules of the Washington Prize Ring, *Bill sunk to rise no more.*

The act was malicious in its conception, and damnable in its execution—at least so thought Harry Breckenridge, a man, unflinching friend to the *lost Bill*. Harry determined to challenge Frank Cutting at the first Sparring Exhibition where they might chance to meet. Frank is a pretty good sparrer, but no fighter. Harry, on the contrary, is no sparrer, but has a *good bottom*, and is also *long-winded*. Each man thinks himself another Bendigo, Slasher, or Molineaux. Sparring, then, was the material to get up "something nice" in the way of Prize Fighting, and the "boys of the ring" were no ways backward in lending their aid to bring about a "meeting." An exhibition was gotten up for Monday night, and the largest room in the city of Washington was engaged for the "glatorial display." At an early hour a vast "arena" was filled to repletion with ardent admirers of the Prize Ring and its pugilistic delineators, conspicuous among whom were Frank Cutting and Harry Breckenridge, attended by their various friends and backers. The affairs of the day were opened with a set to between some of the lesser lights, when, immediately on its conclusion, Cutting jumped upon the stage to have a little "bout" with some one of the boys, when he was surprised to find himself confronted by Harry. The crowd got closer to the stage, and each eye was strained in order that every point might be noticed—not the slightest whisper could be heard while the men prepared to meet the shock of battle. Cutting, by getting a good position, let fly slightly without doing much damage—he was immediately countered by Harry, who planted in a sweetener. Jemmy Richardson called Harry to follow it up, which he did without much effect. Cutting then covered himself for another dash, and caught Harry a smack on the knowledge box. Harry was with him, however, and floored him in one in part payment. "An English cried "good," and Harry collected the payment, which made Cutting shake his head shake again. Jake Phillips cried if Billy English put in his oar again, he'd mash his headf or him. This hint was sufficient, and Billy kept quiet. Harry now went in rather hard for Cutting, who, seeing that Harry was getting in earnest, determined to be even with him, and went to work punishing Breckenridge so severely that Mike Walsh said if they intended going in *hard*, he wanted to have a fist in the matter. Cutting told him if that was all he had to say, he had better sit down. Mike took a seat, but promised to give some of them a turn by and by.

Cutting had got in so hard on Harry's Roscius frontis, that the latter was about to take off the gloves. Cutting asked him if he was through, and on being answered in the affirmative, gave Harry a punch in the head as a remembrancer. This was too much—Harry's blood was up—he took off the gloves. "rolled up his sleeves," and was about sending Cutting "to the other side of Jordan," when the crowd rushed on the stage, the friends of each man rallying to his support, and to prevent a general riot, it was agreed that a match should be made between Frank and Harry, for a fair stand-up fight, to take place at Bladensburgh, or Boston Corners, without delay.

This is the true origin of the match, and whatever the result may be, it will be seen that we have given the authorities due notice that this contemplated brutal Prize Fight, as our friends of the Times and Tribune designate it, is to take place, and if the said authorities do not interfere in the matter, to prevent bloodshed and murder, it is time men were appointed who will preserve the laws inviolate.

The full particulars of the fight will be given as soon as the meeting takes place.

## The Liquor Law.

The Prohibitory Liquor Bill, by which a right guaranteed to the citizens of this free republic, by the Constitution of the United States, is to be filched from them, requires but the signature of Governor Seymour to become a law of the state of New York. There is much speculation as to whether the Governor will sign the bill, or whether he will withhold his signature on purely Constitutional grounds. That he would be sustained, in taking the latter course, by some of the oldest jurists and authorities in the land, admits of no doubt. Be his course what it may, however, the effect of the bill, in the city of New York, will be about the same, for there is not one citizen in one hundred, including tee-totallers, Maniacs, Greelyites, and the various other fanatical sects which are continually endeavoring to stir up the elements of discord and dissension among us, that believes even an attempt will be made to enforce the law in this city, much less that compulsory measures will be adopted.

The subject of Temperance, like that of Slavery, is one that has to be "lightly touched." The newspaper press, with but a few exceptions, supposing that a Prohibitory Law is popular with the great bulk of the community, takes up the cry of "stop thief," and pursues the victim, even whilst desiring his escape. It is this continual harassing of the fugitive by the newspaper press of this city, that has materially assisted in running the "fox" *almost* to death. There is no such thing among editors of the present day as expressing a candid and unbiassed opinion. They are always governed by outside influences, the popularity of the subject in dispute; and if it should threaten that to express such an opinion would lose them a few subscribers, they have not the independence to stand by their own settled convictions of what is right and what is wrong, but their own selfish interests being at stake in the matter, they at once "knock under" to the God of Mammon, and take sides with the masses, until a change in public opinion warns them a corresponding change in them is necessary.

The newspaper press honestly and sincerely believes that the proposed Liquor Law is a "bill of abominations," and that its introduction into this city will be attended with riot and bloodshed, should its concocters endeavor to carry it into practical effect; but they dare not say so—the "morality gag" keeps the press in check, and thus prevents an honest expression of opinion. Should Governor Seymour veto the bill, which it is hoped he will, a desperate effort will be made to carry it through by a two-third vote, and as there would be required but three votes in addition to those given for the bill to make up a two-third vote, it seems to be conceded that the chances are in favor of the bill being "put through," if not with the signature of the Governor, why then without it.

What then will be the duty of those whom the bill is intended most seriously to effect? Why, most undoubtedly, to organise a party for the election of men, pledged to its repeal, at the November election. Already, we understand, has the programme been made out, and the action of the Governer, or in case of his veto, the subsequent action of the Legislature, will onlybe waited for to determine the future action of the "Repeal Party." This party will work on purely Constitutional grounds, and will embrace in its ranks men of all stations in society, from the Judge on the bench, to the meanest Councilman That a powerful party can and will be thus organised admits of not the shadow of a doubt, and it behoves those at present among the "ins," to take heed lest they fall, and with them perish forever all hopes of the resuscitation of the tyrannical "bill of abominations," the Prohibitory Liquor Law.

## The Chinese.

As those poor unfortunate Chinese, who were brought to this country by a speculator and then left to look out for themselves, are endeavoring to earn a living by selling segars, tobacco, and other little knick-knacks, we hope our citizens will encourage their efforts.

## SPARRING.

Notices of exhibitions to come off should be sent in on or before Tuesday, otherwise they cannot be inserted until the following week.

## Plenty of Sport.

YOUNG MC GRATH'S BENEFIT.

There has been quite a revival in sparring circles since our last. Young McGrath, who has always been on hand at the benefits of others, gave an exhibition on Tuesday evening, 21st ult., but we are sorry to say was not so liberally supported as the merits of the beneficiare demanded. However, those who did attend the exhibition were well repaid, for a more quiet and orderly benefit we have not before seen. A few of the regular hands, Lunney, Donnelly, McMahon, and one or two others, lent their assistance; the others were mostly amateurs in the art. The great treat of the evening was the wind-up between Mike Trainor, younger brother to Jem Trainor, and young McGrath. This was something really worth looking at, and enchained the attention of the audience for a considerable length of time. The set-to was beautiful, and made up for the non-attendance of older members of the circle.

## Molineaux.

An exhibition was given at the Metropolitan Shades, in Brooklyn, on Friday evening last, in the course of which it was expected there would be quite an exciting set-to between one of the New York fancy and one of the Brooklyn fraternity. As a consequence, the room in which the exhibition took place was densely crowded, rendering it uncomfortable to those who were present. Owing to some misunderstanding, the original agreement by which the set-to of the evening was to have been governed was "thrown overboard," and the parties "went in" on their merits, and in about five minutes our New York friend "come out," leaving his merits behind him, and also leaving his Brooklyn adversary "cock of the walk." *Perhaps* there may be another turn-up on this side of the "little pond," when the result may be different, as "the spot" has a great deal to do with the "fun of the thing."

## Ned Hogan, of Dublin.

Mr. Hogan, of Dublin, will give a Sparring Exhibition at Grand Street Hall, on Thursday evening, April 6th, on which occasion he will make his first appearance before the New York public. In the course of the evening, Mr. Hogan will be prepared to make a match with any man of 130 lbs. weight for $300 to $500 aside. Ned Hogan and Phil Clare, attired in fighting costume, will wind up the sports of the evening. We have no doubt Grand Street Hall will be densely crowded on the occasion. The price of tickets will be 25 cents each. Turn out, and give Mr. Hogan a hearty welcome.

## Barney Lunney's Benefit.

This scientific sparrer and accommodating friend to the mystic fraternity, took a benefit at Grand street Hall, on Monday evening last, on which occasion he was greeted by a full house, which seemed to please not only the beneficiare, but also those in attendance. The set-to's were greatly relished, but owing to want of space we are compelled to omit any particular notice of them. Mr. Lunney has always been ready to aid others, and we are pleased to notice that he was well sustained by those whom he had aided.

## John McMahon's Benefit.

We understand that our old friend, John McMahon, who has officiated as Master of Ceremonies at nearly all of the Sparring Exhibitions given during the present season, will give a Sparring Exhibition on the 11th inst. Further particulars in our next.

## Curly Cannon's Exhibition.

Was given on Tuesday evening, and was liberally patronised. Some good sparring took place, and all hands retired well pleased with the entertainment of the evening. The crowded state of our columns precludes the possibility of a more lengthened notice.

## WRESTLING.

Coit did not appear at our office last week to see the person offering to wrestle him at $1,000 to $600. Those who were so confident of Coit's ability to throw any man in New-York or Brooklyn are beginning to draw in their horns a little. The party offering the odds were in attendance, and waited a considerable time in order to make some sort of a match with Coit, but the latter was among the missing.

## THE RING.

### Fights to Come.

April 26.—Jem Parker and Harry Gribben, for $500 aside.

### Johnny Walker.

We conversed one day last week with a gentleman just returned from England, who informed us that he had several times seen and conversed with Johnny Walker, who was never before in such excellent condition and spirits. His hands are as sound and perfect as his most ardent friends need desire, and his approaching battle with Hayes, Champion of the Light Weights, was looked forward to with confidence. This will be good news to Walker's friends in this country, whose name is legion.

### Another Deposit

Of $100 aside was made on Wednesday evening last.

### The Final Deposit.

On Wednesday, the 12th instant, the final deposit of the $500 aside, in the match between Gribben and Parker will be made, and the final arrangements for carrying out the contemplated sport, will also be agreed upon.

## YACHTING.

What are our yachting friends about? It is time a move was made towards getting the fleet in good order for the ensuing season. Our Philadelphia friends are up and doing, and promise some great things. We understand there will be some good matches during the summer on the Deleware and Hudson rivers, and if we expect to hold the supremacy in these matters, we should look well to our fast sailers, and get them in proper trim.

## CHALLENGES.

### Barlow in the Field.

CHALLENGE TO THE UNITED STATES!

The following challenge to run any man in the United States will be read with interest:—

CHALLENGE.

The undersigned is ready to make a match *with any man in the United States or the Canadas* to run a foot race of one mile, for the sum of from One Thousand to Five Thousand Dollars aside. The match to come off in four weeks after the final deposit of the stakes. A deposit left with the Editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER will meet with immediate attention.

ANDREW MCMANN, for
WILLIAM FREESTONE, *alias*
BARLOW.

What the result of the above challenge will be, we cannot, of course, at present determine. It may be that a Champion Mile Runner may emerge from some locality least expected, or it may be that our own State will be able to furnish another competitor for the honor as well as for the profit. We believe, also, that several celebrated pedestrians are on their way to this country from that great sporting arena of the world, "Merrie England." As they visit this country, we suppose, in a professional way, it would not surprise us were the challenge to be taken up by one of the great English runners.—Should this be the case, the interest in the contest would be greatly enhanced. We prefer to wait, however, to see who are the swift runners in this country, before speculating on the merits of our transatlantic brethren. A short time will determine whether the challenge will be accepted.

### Newspaper Folding.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

The following answer to the challenge published in our last, confirms the opinion we expressed in the matter at the time:

*To the Philadelphia Folders:*—

The undersigned, having noticed a challenge in the NEW YORK CLIPPER of March 25, in which an offer was madeto fold a weekly paper, mail fashion, each paper six folds, with any person in New York, for $250 aside, respectfully informs Mr. Scroggy, of Philadelphia, that he will accept the offer made, and fold with any one he may produce for the sum stated.

I will also stake $500 to $250 that I will mail the edition of the same paper to be folded in quicker time than any one in Philadelphia. A match can be made by addressing

E. H. KENDRIC,
Better known as "Extra".

At Abbe & Yates, News Agency, 25 Ann st. or the Editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

As Mr Soroggy's offer has been thus fairly accepted, and as both parties are doubtless anxious to make a match, we shall expect to receive from Mr. Scroggy $10 to bind the bargain, which like sum will be deposited by the other party, in our hands, until the arrangements for the match are made, and a stakeholder appointed. Should any difficulties arise, the money held by us will be returned to its respective owners.

### Rather Dry.

The discussion of the Maine Liquor Law is rather a dry subject without you have a little Heidsiek to wash it down. Something a little more silvery, doubtless, assisted in washing it down the throats of our Legislators at Albany.

### To the Public.

Considerable discussion having taken place in reference to my late foot-race with Hiram Horton, I feel it a duty incumbent on me to give a plain and unvarnished statement of all the facts connected with that race, from the time the match was made until its termination, in order that my position may be rightly understood by the community at large.

On Saturday, the 11th of February, I called at the office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, in order to meet a number of pedestrians who were expected there that afternoon, and with several of whom I entered into a match for a hurdle-race After leaving the Clipper Office, I stopped at a public house, and the subject of pedestrianism being uppermost in the minds of those present, it was not strange that I should become interested, and the consequence was that I made a match that evening with Hiram Horton to run a foot-race of one mile, for $500 aside. On the day after making the match, (Sunday, 12th of February,) a man called to see me, at my residence, and stated that Mr. ——— wished to see me at his house that day at 2 o'clock. I did not go, however, that day, but on the following day, (Monday, 13th of February,) I called at the place appointed, and met the person who had desired my attendance. The subject of the contemplated race was soon after broached by this man, who said if I consented to lose the race, that myself, himself and Horton could make a good thing of it, by going thirds. I declined this proposition, but stated that I preferred to see the cash. After a few further remarks on both sides, he agreed to give me One Hundred Dollars in cash, and a note for Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars to let Horton win. The One Hundred Dollars in cash I received a few days previous to the day of the race, and the note for Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars I received the evening before the day of the race. The result of the race the public is already fully acquainted with.

A few words in regard to my being a party to this *apparent sell*, and the reason for my taking the money proffered me, is also due to the public. In all my matches I have always acted an honest part towards those who invested their money on my pedestrian capabilities. What right, then, had any man to suppose that I would act an unjust part in this instance? From what reason was it supposed that I would be privy to underhanded game by which my backers and friends were to be filched of their money?

As it was supposed, however, that I would be a willing tool in the hands of others, to be used as they saw fit, for their own interests, at the risk of my reputation, as well as by the sacrifice of my friends and backers, I determined to give a lesson that might be of service to others, and prevent a repetition of the intended bargain and sale in future. To punish those who had so lightly estimated my character and reputation, I took the money, and would do so again should a similar attempt be made to buy me.

The manner in which I was treated while running the race—the attempts made to knock me down, and the final result of the contest, will no doubt convince my friends, and the public that I always intended to be true to those who had stood by me, and that *I was true to the end!*

WILLIAM FREESTONE,
*alias,*
BARLOW.

*Williamsburgh, March 25, '54.*

### Resigned Firemen of Jersey City.

A ball was given by this body of men, on Friday evening, March 24th, at Hudson Hotel, Jersey City. During the evening a magnificent Gold Watch, of exquisite workmanship, was presented to ex-Assistant Engineer, John D. Nolan, on behalf of the Resigned Firemen, by Mr. Sylvester, in a few remarks, appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Nolan, in accepting the beautiful gift, returned his thanks in the following language:

*Mr. Sylvester, and Fellow Associates of the Resigned Firemen:*—

In accepting this beautiful Testimonial from your Committee, through your Chairman, permit me to return you my sincere thanks and gratitude. If my conduct has met with your approbation, I feel happy, and I shall endeavor to conduct myself at all times, so as to meet the hearty approbation of my friends. To have been associated with you, gentlemen, in an organization such as *ours was*, for the benefit and protection of our noble city, is an honor of itself *alone*, and how much the more must it weigh upon a heart like mine, so unaccustomed to testimonials such as this, to have been the recipient, not only of your personal kindness, but of this marked evidence of your fraternal friendship and regard. Be assured, associates, it shall be worn amid the *heat and labors of the day of life*, and transmitted to others who shall ever bear in grateful remembrance, this evidence of your affectionate good will. Again, I thank you for this beautiful Testimonial, and I shall ever look upon it as a lasting token of the Resigned Firemen of Jersey City.

After the presentation, the Company repaired to the Supper Room, where speeches and toasts were the order of the evening. Mr. John Riley, Foreman of Engine Co. No. 22, of New York City, after some few remarks, gave the following sentiment: "Thomas W. Morehouse, ex-Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of Jersey City." Mr. Morehouse, after thanking the gentleman for the honor he had conferred upon him, said—"Gentlemen, I wil give you the health of an officer of the New York Fire Department, a man who I sincerely believe, has always studied to advance the interest of the department, and a man who, when convinced that he was right in his views, has always had firmness enough to state his opinions boldly to the members of the New York Common Council. Gentlemen, I allude to Mr. Alfred Carson, well worthy of the office he holds, as Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of New York City." This was responded to by Mr. Riley, in a very neat and appropriate manner. After which, A Hardenburgh, Esq., member of the New Jersey Legislature, made a long and beautiful speech, followed by Mr. J. H. Woodruff, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of Elizabeth Town, and others.

### Pedestrianism in England.

RACE FOR THE HALF-MILE CHAMPION BELT AND £25 ASIDE BETWEEN JOSEPH HORROCKS, OF HALIFAX, AND H. A. REED, OF LONDON.—This event, which although "looming in the distance" for some time, has been regarded with an intensity of anticipation seldom equalled, was brought to a final consummation on Tuesday last. The meeting of the hero of the North and the invincible of the South, within the area of Westhill Park, Halifax, was an attraction which allured from all points thousands upon thousands of those in whose hearts there still is harboured, even in these vitiated times, an ardent love and admiration for hardy and salutary pastimes and exercises. At an early hour of the morning it was evident that there was something on the *tapis* in the town of no common interest or inferior importance. The day was a holiday, but the gradually enlarging influx of people through every inlet of the town denoted that something big with fate was impending, and that some all-absorbing spectacle was soon to be enacted. As to the rival pedestrians whose prowess was about to be tested, they kept close quarters until the approach of four o'clock, at which hour the public announcement stated that the men were to be at the scratch. It was well known, however, that the metropolitan (Reed) had reached the town, and in company with his backers and "papa," had entered on the occupation of a suite of rooms at the White Swan, the chief hostelry in this hospitable town. The Yorkshire multitude at once set down the luxurant stranger to be a downright swell, who, however, would yet have to succumb to the undefined power and fleetness of the Northern Champion. It was well known by them that the dearest object of Horrock's ambition was to keep possession of the belt which he had held since it was put up for competition, and this gave additional confidence in him to those who had ranged themselves on the side of his party. The race-ground began to fill early in the afternoon, but between three and four o'clock the gates, both in Gibbet-lane and Hancock-lane, were perfectly beseiged by impatient applicants for admission, So great was the pressure at the latter gate, that it gave way shortly after four o'clock, and two or three hundred men and boys rushed through heedless of the threats of the overwhelmed official on duty at that entrance. Money was received at the gates for 4,000 persons, but several hundreds besides got into the ground, as before mentioned, or over the walls, which were but imperfectly guarded. The receipts were full £10 more upon this than on any other occasion. Beyond the park, unfinished buildings, walls, and trees, which commanded a view of the grounds, were taken possession of by hundreds more of unauthorised spectators. Some members of the board of guardians, with their ladies, likewise evinced an interest in the race, by taking up their positions on lofty ground within the adjoining workhouse walls. Shortly before four o'clock Reed arrived on the ground, and he was immediately surrounded by a dense concourse of persons, anxious to catch a glance at his figure. An impenetrable throng attended his footsteps wherever he went, as he walked slowly round the ground, and he continued to be thus escorted until the bell was rung for clearing the course. Horrocks was also a conspicuous object in the eyes of many, who fondly pursuaded themselves that, being a few inches taller than his competitor (Reed is 5ft 7½in), the chances were considerably in his favor. Each was well prepared for the coming struggle. The personal carriage of Reed, which, to the eyes of the homely Northerns, was *debonnair* and confident was the subject of much crude criticism. Considerable delay took place before the immediate preparations for the start were made. It was past six before the men came to the scratch, Reed being then attended by Pudney and Kitchener, as his esquires, while Horrocks had one servitor only the in person of "Lancashire Charley."

Horrocks had won the choice of ground, and he selected the same as that on which he defeated Pudney for this belt a month or two ago. The start was effected without any difficulty, Horrocks going off with a lead of a yard or two. Much above half the distance was run at rather a slow pace, and without any change in the order of running. Up to this time Horrock's friends thought he would never be overtaken, but, on coming to the last turn, near the workhouse, (which is about 150 yards from home,) Reed darted past Horrocks with terrible velocity, and gained a lead of eight or nine yards. Nothing remained but the straight run in, down the Hill, and Horrocks gathered himself up for a final effort. He made a desperate endeavour to gain his lost ground, and, not many yards from the goal, he breasted his opponent, but, in a few strides farther, he found himself defeated by a *quarter of a yard!* The crowd from the opposite side of the ground broke from their places as the runners were approaching the end of their contest, and deprived all those on the stand, and in remote parts of the field of a view of the very exciting finish. Horrocks fell to the ground on reaching the winning post. Reed's astonishing length of stride was regarded as a matter of wonder, although, on this occasion, he perhaps never in one instance exhibited a parallel to that remarkable stride of 9ft. 4in., which made his race with George Martin so famous and memorable. Horrocks was very much exhausted by his exertions, and crestfallen at his defeat—nevertheless, a defeat not inglorious but honorable. Is it irretrievable? Perhaps the man himself thinks not, for he has formally accepted a challenge from Reed to run the same distance again, Reed staking £50 to Horrock's £25. Reed was evidently very much elated at his triumph, and boasted that if he had known Horrocks had been so close upon his heels he would have left him yards behind. He and his London friends have reaped a good harvest, we believe, by their excursion into Yorkshire. He publicly declared before he left that he was open to run any man in the world any distance from 100 yards to half a mile, and give a start, for any sum not exceeding £500! We had almost omitted to state that the winner's time on Tuesday last was 2min. 6½ sec. In another account it is stated that Horrocks went off with the lead, Reed about a yard behind, waiting on his opponent, and evidently running far within himself. They continued thus until within about 200 yards from home, when Reed, putting on one of his tremendous spurts, went away from his man, as though he stood still, and turning his head to look at him, and, seeing him 10 or 12 yards behind, slackened his pace, which Horrocks seeing, he made a mighty effort, and succeeded in getting within half a yard of Reed without his being aware of it; but it was too late, and the referee (Mr. Crowther, the proprietor of the ground,) gave in his fiat that Reed had won by half a yard, and directly handed the belt over to him. In about two hours after Horrocks went to where Reed and his friends were stopping, and stated that the belt must be sent back, for that he (Horrocks) was knocked down when within six yards of the handkerchief; but the referee stated that it was a barefaced attempt at a wrangle, and immediately paid over all the bets, he being stakeholder for most of them.

### Betting.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

100 ta 50 that Governor Seymour vetoes the Maine Liquor Law.

50 to 10 that the Gift enterprises die of old age.

1000 to 1 that our City Fathers are as fond of the "pickings" as their predecessors. No takers.

100 to 20 that Old Morality of the Tribune is a white man with a black heart.

20 to 15 that Nebraska Bill is in no way related to Missouri Bill. Taken by Bill Posters and Bill Stickers.

### The true Spirit of the Day.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to take up old carpets and put down new ones, it should be borne in mind that the best place to buy these new carpetings is the great Carpet Emporium of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that in point of cheapness, quality and variety, the establishment referred to is without a parallel in the annals of business. We have seen money filched from those unable to bear their losses, previous to Hiram Anderson locating himself among us, but his appearance, and his honest and fair dealing created a revolution in the affairs of household and domestic concerns which will redound to the credit of the great Napoleon of Carpet Dealers for years to come. May Day. What a mixture there will be on the first day of May. Everybody will be anxious to secure a carpet at No. 99 Bowery on that day. Now, how much better it would be and how much more satisfactory to all parties, buyers and sellers, were the former to select their goods beforehand, so that they could have everything ready by the time of moving. Try it for once, and we are sure you will be well pleased.

### How I loved her!

"How I loved her, how I loved her, but the magic spell is o'er," because her beauty's faded, and her skin is fair no more. In other days, so soft and clear her features seemed to me, 'twas joy, 'twas bliss, to gaze on her, but woe, ah! woe, is me. No Gouraud then lived in our land, with Medicated Soap, and once the skin began to fail, there was no earthly hope. But, what a change from olden times, those days of earthly gloom, for now old age is kept at bay, while all in beauty bloom, for here we have the Doctor's Soap, so famed, so celebrated, for moving tan, shaps, freckles, too, the Italian Medicated. Not this alone the Doctor keeps, but Lilly White, and Hair Dye, likewise, the beauteous toilette scents, which all the ladies fair try. At No. 67 Walker street, from Broadway, but one door, there you will find these cosmetics, now and evermore.

### He looked so neat.

His clothes were new, his *hat* was too, which made him look so prim, that every eye which passed him by, turned to look on him. Ah! who can tell where they do sell, so fine, so neat a tile? Just list to us, without much fuss, we'll tell you all meanwhile. At fifty-seven Chatham street, and also corner of Chatham and Pearl. Daguerrean hats, all patented, the finest in the world, are kept for sale, and never fail, to satisfaction give, to young and old, the weak, the bold, and all mankind that live. Rafferty & Leask the firm, so popular and willing, to sell to all, both short and tall, for a profit of a shilling. A picture, too, a likeness new, is given free of all charge, to those who buy, from Rafferty & Leask, who make no tall charge. Embrace this chance, your looks enhance, and buy a bran new tile, the fashion new, and fine to view, the latest, best Spring style.

### Tender Lines.

And should you wish an oyster fry, or oysters stewed or roasted, you'll have them served so nice and fresh, with bread so finely toasted, by stopping in at "Ned's Snug" place, three-sixty-two in Broome street, where liquors, wines, segars, and everything else in the line can be had cheap for cash.

### Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. PACIFIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, April 1st, 1854, at 10½ o'clock A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

March 18, 1854.

### Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. NORTH STAR Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday April 5, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

March 30, 1854.

I'M NO DOCTOR, NOR AM I A PROFESsor, I'm old Mr. Graham, who has an onguent that will force the whiskers or moustaches to grow strong and thick in six weeks, and wont stain or injure the skin. It is $1 per bottle. R. G. GRAHAM, 15 Ann street; Zeiber, No. 44 South Third street, Philadelphia; Spalding, 27 Tremont row, Boston.

"DROPS OF COMFORT."

A MOST EFFECTIVE AND CERTAIN cure for all forms of Rheumatic Pains, to which the human frame is liable. The proprietor of this truly miraculous preparation has innumerable certificates from those who have been benefitted by using the "Drops of Comfort." A trial will suffice to convince all of the truth of the assertion that this Remedy for Rheumatism is the "Wonder of the Age."

Prepared under the immediate supervision of the Inventor and Proprietor, and for sale at No. 30 Stanton street. Price 50 cents per bottle.

DR. CUNNINGHAM.

DANCING SCHOOL.

AT FRANKLIN HALL, CORNER OF Montgomery and Warren streets, Jersey City, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week, under the direction of Mickey Free.

Unparalleled Bargains!

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!

At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE UNITED STATES,

AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S

No. 99 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Aubusson, Moquette, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of Lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 3s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long.

Sales Room No 2.

Ingrain Carpets. Two hundred and fifty pieces of English and American Ingrain Carpetings, all new style, manufactured expressly for this establishment.

Sales Room No. 3.

Three Ply Carpets. English, Scotch, and American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of our own importation; gorgeous, splendid new style of pattern

Sales Room No 4.

Low Price Ingrain Carpets. Three hundred pieces of medium quality Ingrain carpets, beautiful, large, and small patterns, manufactured for the City trade, incredible low prices of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and 5s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

Rugs and Druggets. English druggets 4 yards wide. 3000 yards of low priced druggets, 1 to 3 yards wide at 2s 6d to 6s per yard, also an immense assortment of mosaic landscape, Axminster, and tufted hearth Rug; also 3000 tufted Rugs at 12s to 24s each.

Sales Room No. 6.

Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets, at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3s, 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

Sales Room No. 7.

Medallion Carpets, with borders; Mosaic and Axminster of one entire piece, can be fitted to any sized room, from $350 to $1000.

Royal Velvet, Tapestry, and Brussels, from the celebrated factories of John Crossly & Sons, and Messrs. Henderson & Co., and others, England, all of our own importation, some of which are exclusively our own style, and cannot be found at any other establishment.

Sales Room No. 8.

Aubusson Carpets. They elicit the warmest commendations of every beholder, excel in beauty and durability, are sold at moderate prices, and introduced into the market at this establishment.

Sales Room No. 9.

Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels three ply and twilled Venitian Stair Carpeting, remarkably cheap.

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Patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpetings Gold, plain, white, buff, and scroll window shades, at 6s, 12s., 20s., 40s., to $10 per pair. Table and piano covers, silver and brass stair rods, Parlor door mats, Coir matting, also 4s 3d., 6s. 6d., White and Check Canton Matting, &c., &c.

HIRAM ANDERSON,

Jan. 21. 99 Bowery

DANCING ACADEMY.

M. KILFOIL,

GRATEFUL FOR THE PATRONAGE he has already received, tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and the public generally. He would respectfully inform them that his Dancing Classes are continued as usual, at Bechtner's Hotel, 210 William street; at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 30th street and 10th avenue, and that he has opened a new Academy at National Hall, 44th street, between 8th and 9th avenue, where all the newest and most fashionable Dances, Waltzes, &c., &c., are taught, and unremitting attention paid to the improvement of his pupils, in an accomplishment, so essential to grace and elegance of manner.

New classes are forming every evening at each of the above schools, so that pupils can begin at any time, and receive the same advantages, as those who commenced at an early period of the season

Whiskers and Moustaches—My Onguent will force them to grow strong and thick in six weeks, and won't stain or injure the skin. Try it—you'll find it so. $1 per bottle; $4 50 half dozen. Sent to any part of the country. R. G. GRAHAM, 15 Ann street; Zeiber, No. 44 South Third street, Philadelphia; Spalding, 27 Tremont row, Boston.

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD-QUARTERS,

METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 Concord street, Brooklyn. Public Sparring every Monday and Friday evening.

N. B. Private Lessons given in Sparring.

BOYS!

YOU ALL KNOW OUR SAMMY, the Calamity Water Pedlar—He now keeps a neat little Drinking Saloon, 100½ Warren street called the *Young Continental House*. If coaxed a little he will attend on the outside and sing the American Boy, while Shorty will wait upon you from the inside. Call and see.

P. S.—Bobby Lee, the Lad that was Born without a Shirt, in attendence when called for.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**Christy's American Opera House:**

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,

Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in existence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Ad mission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

**National Theatre.**

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom, - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 16th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,

WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Rosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

**Buckley's Minstrels,**

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.

Buckley.....Proprietor.
R. Bishop Buckley.....Musical Director
Admission.....25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

**Anatomical Museum.**

No. 300 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of

## ENGLISH ITEMS.

From Bell's Life in London.

### ON THE BREEDING AND PRESERVATION OF SALMON.

When a special evil has existed for a long time, without any remedy being attempted, it seems quite natural that the causes of this evil should be sought in something not obvious to the eye at a first glance. It is reasonable that we should expect some hidden and concealed influences that require a careful search and diligent inquiry before they can be discovered. The mind rejects at once a patent and evidently operating cause, for the plain reason that if that were really the source of the evil, it would have been remedied long ago; it is so very simple and obvious. Precisely in this mode is the public mind at this moment employed in solving the problem of the disappearance of the salmon from our native rivers. If any homely-minded man, not given to trace effects to remote and romantic causes, should happen to remark that the salmon is no longer in a state of nature, but of art; that planting stake nets in an estuary destroys a great number of fish, and deters a still greater number from approaching the river; that the erection of weirs and traps, and the constant dragging of the river with nets, up to the very verge of breeding time, must kill all the early and more valuable breeders, and render the season extremely precarious; that the spearing of salmon on the fords, and the persecutions they endure in the shallow streams, must tend still further to thin their numbers, and to limit their yearly produce, he is met with a stare of philosophic astonishment, by the large minded representative of the public, who condescends to enlighten him, after the following fashion:—"My dear fellow! There may be something in what you say, but depend upon it that the real causes of the decrease of the number of salmon are far different from what you imagine. Now let me tell you that it has been discovered that the salmon is very badly instructed by nature as to the mode of making her bed and depositing her eggs. Professor von Leitchterbraght has observed that the furrow made by the salmon in the gravel bed is on an average six inches deeper than necessary, and that the ova frequently perish by thousands for want of oxygen; that she frequently deposits her spawn in situations where there is only a temporary and not permanent flow of water, and consequently when the river subsides, they all rot and die; that different salmon will frequent the same bed in succession, and plough up and devour each other's eggs, and thus make the whole river fruitless. Besides, my good fellow, it has been ascertained that immense numbers of the ova are destroyed by trout and other fish. Dr. M'Lawney found upwards of 600 eggs in the gullet of one single trout. Now supposing this trout to have taken those eggs to his breakfast, and that he eats four meals a day, and requires the same number of eggs to each meal, it is demonstrable that one trout will eat 2,400 salmon ova per day; and if we allow a thousand trouts per mile to feed upon eggs of salmon every day for 300 days in the year, then, sir, we get in round numbers 240 millions of ova destroyed every year by trout alone. Then look at the eels and the water-crickets, and the water-ouzels, and the fresh-water shrimps, and the ducks, and the thousand-and-one insects that live upon fish or their ova every day, and you need not be surprised that salmon are few. No, sir, to do justice to this great national question, we must take the breeding of salmon into our own hands. We must catch the fish, impregnate the ova scientifically, place them in artificial tanks and ponds, feed them with beef and mutton, and send them down to sea, firm of flesh and tough of sinew, to return monsters of flake and cream, at the reflux of the tide." This is the style of conversation one meets with now-a-days, from almost every one who undertakes to expound the salmon question, and it would be strange indeed if there were not some leaven of truth in it. All animals are predatory, and, from man to the blue-bottle fly, we all prey upon each other in some form or other. Some animals are intended to furnish food to others in every stage of their existence, and to such nature has accorded a prolific capacity, proportioned to the place assigned to them. The salmon multiplies yearly, in the proportion of 10,000 young to one adult pair. This increase could not be maintained, for two successive seasons, without absolutely destroying the life it is intended to sustain. If the fry of the salmon returned to their native rivers, in anything like this proportion, they would fill up the whole stream; they would die in millions, pollute the water, and taint the air for miles, and would produce death and destruction all around. It is then well and wisely ordained, that the surplus members of the ova, and of the young fry, should, in due time, become the prey of other fish and animals, which, equally with the salmon, minister to the wants, or conduce to the comforts of man. As to the devastations of trout and ducks amongst the ova of salmon, I think the accounts are greatly exaggerated, and the inferences altogether unwarranted. It is worthy of remark, that in the ordinary course of nature, the trout would be either actually spawning, or have just finished their operations, when the salmon are on the ford, and would therefore be in a feeble and sickly condition, taking their rest in the quiet pools. It is well known that trout in a river always feed with their heads up stream. They balance themselves in the water at one particular spot, and there wait until the flow of the river brings their food close to them; they then dart at their prey in midwater, or on the surface, according to the nature of the food, and rarely move more than a foot or two in any direction, except sometimes down the stream, when in pursuit of an object they have failed to secure. I have watched them hundreds of times, and on no occasion have I ever seen a trout pick up its food from the bottom of the river. Every angler is aware of this circumstance. If he uses the fly he fishes on the surface; if he employs a bait, he angles in midwater, at a depth varying with the condition of the stream to capture the trout. From this well known habit of the trout, I infer that the specimens occasionally taken, gorged with the ova of the salmon, must have picked up their prey in the stream below the salmon-beds, or to speak more correctly, at the head of the pool below, which, although a pool in regard to its depth, is still a stream in respect of the flow of water. What matters it, then, if the ova have escaped the salmon-bed, whether they are devoured by trout or by ducks, or left to rot unheeded in the deep water? To say that a trout, a duck, a whiting, or a par will eat the ova, proves nothing to the purpose. To be of any value it must be shown that these ova are actually taken from the ridd, formed by the salmon, herself, where alone they would be prolific. Every observation I have made myself, and every argument deducible from the known habits of animals, prove the contrary. A duck cannot stem the stream, and feed where a salmon makes her bed. The duck must feed in still water, or in water with a very gentle flow. Trout, and all other fish of the trout kind feed invariably in the slowest portion of the stream, in eddies, or lulls of water between rocks, or any other obstacles that create a temporary obstruction to the force of the current, and detain their food longer on the surface or in midwater. All these facts go to prove that the ova picked up by trout, par, whiting, and ducks, are superfluities, lost to the salmon themselves, and therefore legitimate prey to the rest of creation. I am quite willing to admit that the destruction of the ova and fry in salmon rivers, from various causes is very great; but I maintain that it is necessarily and properly so, according to the wise ordination of nature. The Mississipi could not contain the unthinned produce of a salmon river, therefore myriads go to feed trout and birds. Nature makes no mistakes in her arrangements, but if any preserver of a salmon river thinks the trout and birds are poachers, let him, by all means, instruct his keepers to thin their numbers, and keep them down. Trout are to be taken with a net, and birds may be destroyed by a gun. If he be so inclined, let him treat as vermin every living creature that would feed upon an ovum, a samlet, or a full-grown salmon, and try what will be the result. We have no large trout in the Hodder. They are seldom taken as heavy as one pound in weight, and, for the most part, they are under four ounces, so that I have no means of stating, from actual observation, whether the large fish are a benefit or a nuisance in a salmon river. Andrew Young thinks the latter, and his opinion is entitled to great respect. Let the experiment be tried then, and let us know the result. I cannot pass this subject without saying one word about the interesting little dipper, or water ouzel, which is said to be very destructive of ova. I do not believe there is a word of truth in the charge. Naturalists deny it. Macgillivray repels it stoutly. I tried the experiment myself with a dozen, all shot on the stream during the spawning season, with full crops, but I could not detect the smallest trace of an ovum of any kind. They seem to have fed entirely upon the various insects encased in husks and sand, which are found at the bottom of all clear streams, and, until some positive proof be adduced of the fact, I shall hold the dipper perfectly innocent of the offence laid to his charge. From all that has been written and proved on this subject during the last few months, I think we shall not err in drawing the following conclusions:—That the salmon, in a state of nature, when duly protected, will discharge the duties of maternity in a perfectly satisfactory manner without adventitious assistance. That the numbers annually bred in our rivers abundantly suffice to store the waters in which they live, provided they are not debarred the free access from the river to the sea, and back again from the sea to the river, which the peculiar nature and habits of the fish imperatively require. That the chief obstacle to the increase of salmon is to be found in the devices of man, prompted by avarice, and backed by the densest stupidity, to lay waste and destroy all the fish he can lay his hands upon, in season or out of season, no matter, so that he can make a profit of them. That the only efficient remedy for this cupidity and folly of private individuals is to take the salmon altogether under the protection of the public, and, whilst reserving the special rights of property, still taking care that such right shall not be so exercised as to work a great public and national wrong. In my next letter I intend to lay down a scheme by which I think this object may be accomplished.

Yours, &c., SALMO.

Feb. 11, 1854.

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### TWO-OARED RACE FOR £100 AND CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE TYNE.

The interesting and exciting match—Henry Clasper and James Candlish against Thomas Brace and Edward Winship, two of the Elswick crew—which has engrossed the attention of the aquatic world for some weeks past, came off on Thursday, on the Tyne. The starting place was fixed at the High Level Bridge, and the termination of the race at Scotswood Bridge, a distance of upwards of three miles. The "doings" of Clasper and Candlish have been so often before the public, that to mention any more than a few of the leading features, and the events which led to this match, would be a repetition of what has already appeared in our columns. The exploits of Candlish and Clasper are familiar to every Tyne-side man, both as skiff rowers and in forming one of a crew, and the latter and his brothers have won laurels at almost every extensive regatta in the kingdom; even the renowned waterman of the Thames have succumbed to the skill and vigor of the "coaly Tyne," as represented in the persons of the Claspers. Candlish's name is not quite such a "household word" as that of his companion, although his victories have been as widely spread as those of the Claspers, but his reputation has been gained by skiff rowing, his first essay, as an oarsman, being in the match which took place on Thursday. Out of eleven races with first rate men, Candlish has been successful in every instance but one; and his friends have such confidence in his exertions that he has been backed in another trial with Messenger, the only rower who can claim the honor of having vanquished him in a match, although, *en passant*, he has been beaten at minor regattas by Richard Clasper.

The original match was made for Clasper and any man he could find to row with Bruce and Winship for £50 aside; Clasper's companion to be named on the day of the race; and the first purpose of Clasper was to select a man equal to himself in pluck and physical endurance. Between Candlish and Clasper there has existed a spirit of rivalry since the "championship of the Tyne" was wrested from the brow of "Harry," and a subsequent struggle which ended in a foul; consequently, in his selection, he was almost barred the choice of one who had proved himself equal, if not superior, in a scullers race. Among all of those whom Clasper had tried, there was not one who did not yield to his strength of arm and science, the trial proving that he could pull every opponent round when seated either fore or aft. Under these circumstances a reconciliation was effected with Candlish, and they were unremitting in their endeavors to make their stroke uniform and even. The Elswick men, however, had been long practising together, and, consequently, were looked upon as the favorites, and at first the betting was in their favor. The great improvement, however, which was observed in the stroke of Candlish during his "trials," caused an immediate change, and the betting, which was for a long period 7 to 4 on the Elswick lads, was reduced a few days before the event to 5 to 4. Bruce and Winship, although not waterman of such long standing as the others, have obtained a reputation on other rivers than the Tyne. At Shields Regatta, about four years ago, the Elswick crew, of which these two men formed a part, showed such a display of muscular power as convinced all who saw them that they only required experience to enable them to contest against any crew in England. At that time they pulled a powerful stroke against the Claspers, and since then they have so far improved, that on the 1st of January, 1853, in a match for £100 aside, they vanquished the complete crew of the Claspers. Subsequently, at Chester Regatta, they obtained the head prize against Clasper with a mixed crew; and at the Tyne Regatta in the same year, both in a two and four oared race, they again defeated "Harry." These events have led them to claim the championship of the Tyne in a four-oared race, and the present match was made to show that Clasper's prowess still remained unconquerable when joined to a companion of equal energy and perseverance, pulling together in a two-oared outrigger. The importance of the contest required that everything which would have the slightest effect on the struggle should be as perfect as art could make it, and accordingly two new boats were built expressly for the occasion. Every improvement that could be suggested in the construction of an outrigger was furnished by the builders, and two perfect models in boat-building have, in consequence, been produced. Clasper has furnished his own, and more than his usual care has been bestowed to render his work perfect. Jewitt, of Dunston, a rival of Clasper in boat-building, produced the boat for the Elswick lads, and in almost every respect she might be compared with any outrigger of a similar kind that was ever launched. Clasper's boat is the longer of the two, and in beauty of shape stands superior to her rival, but in buoyancy or capability of speed it would be difficult to decide between the merits of the two. The last deposit for the match was duly made on Monday night, and all preliminaries adjusted at the same time. Mr. Thomas Bridge was chosen umpire for Clasper and Candlish, and Mr. W. Winship was elected to the same office for the Elswick crew, Mr. Charles Ford consenting to act as referee.

Both crews underwent a thorough training, not only in aquatic exercises, but pedestrian exertions were freely administered to render them perfect in wind and action. Stephen Forster, the pedestrian, performed the office of trainer for the Elswick crew, and brought them to a pitch of health and ruddy vigor which was the theme of admiration on the day of the race. Clasper and Candlish trained themselves, and their appearance was also indicative of the strongest health and muscular power. Owing to the boisterous state of the weather during the last few days some apprehension was entertained that the race would not take place. On Thursday, however, the wind had considerably abated, and although the morning was ushered in with a shower of rain, towards the time appointed to start all indications of rain disappeared, and the weather, except a fresh breeze, which made it rather unpleasant for the small competing craft, was fair and bright, and continued so until after the race. Before the hour appointed to start all available places and posts of observation were beginning to be thronged with spectators; and half a dozen steamboats, which were by no means so crowded as we have seen them on similar occasions, followed the competing parties.

At one o'clock, the time stipulated for the men to be in their boats, Clasper and Candlish were observed to enter their boat from the Old Mansion House. They pulled towards the starting place, and, after a trial up the river, they returned and took up their position on the north side of the river. By this time the Elswick men had manned their boat, and, without any trial, they proceeded to their post. After a little "put back" and "pull up," they effected an even start, and kept together for a brief space of time, when the Elswick men began to show in front. At the Skinner's Burn the Elswick men were still gaining on their opponents, although a determined struggle was observed on the part of Clasper to prevent, if possible, their antagonists getting a decided lead. At the New Quay, however, the Elswick men were clear, and they gradually gained until they succeeded in going two clear lengths ahead of their opponents. All along the quay was lined with spectators, and at this point the cries were, "The Elswick men have it!" amid the cheers for Harry and Candlish. Little alteration took place in their positions until they arrived opposite the Meadow's House, when Clasper and Candlish put on a spurt, and nearly brought their boat up to their opponents. The Elswick men, however, again set to their work, and left their antagonists by two or three lengths. This state of things continued until they reached Benwell Boat House, where the Elswick crew began to show symptoms of failing vigor. At this period of the race the interest and anxiety were intense, and the exclamations, "Go on, Harry!" "Pull away, Candlish!" were heard from all quarters. Here Clasper and Candlish pressed their men, and, by indomitable perseverance and game—for it was thought by many ere they had arrived at this point, that Harry was beaten—they drew their boat alongside of their evidently "done up" opponents, passed them with apparent ease, and reached the goal, about six boats' lengths ahead, to the great astonishment of every beholder. The distance was pulled in 26 minutes—capital time considering the state of the river. The contesting boats, in some parts of the race, were almost immersed from the ripple caused by the north-west wind. The betting before starting was 5 to 4 on the Elswick pair, but in some instances even money was laid. Clasper and Candlish bore their triumph with modesty, and after stepping out of the boat they ran to Benwell Boat House, the residence of Clasper, where they were received by their friends. Mr. Banks, on the return of the official's boat, commenced a collection for the losing crew, and realised something handsome, but we do not know the exact amount. We understand that Clasper and Candlish stood a large amount in the stakes.—*Bell's Life in London.*

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ANOTHER HORSE CAUSE.—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Thursday, an action was brought by Mr. Stavely, a veterinary surgeon at Highbury, against Mr. Carter, a horsedealer at Burwell, Cambridgeshire, upon a warranty that a black mare sold by the defendant to the plaintiff for £120, was sound and quiet to ride and drive, whereas it was alleged she was both unsound and unquiet. In August last the parties were introduced to each other, and immediately afterwards went to look at the mare in question, which the defendant represented as a very extraordinary animal. The plaintiff having seen her trot, and fast trotting horses being his "hobby," engaged to buy her, and gave a check for the money, but this check being irregularly drawn, was refused by his banker, upon which a quarrel ensued between the parties, and the purchase went off. The next day, however, negotiations were resumed, and a proper check being given, a receipt was given, in which the mare was "warranted quiet to ride and drive, and sound." After taking the mare home the plaintiff rode and drove her himself and by others, and found her to be restive and unmanageable, so that he was obliged to drive her with double reins, and it frequently took two persons to hold her. At the end of August the mare was tried against a well known trotting horse called The Artful Dodger, and was beaten; and on the 22d of September the plaintiff wrote to defendant, complaining that she was not quiet to ride and drive, and requesting that he would take her back. Some correspondence ensued, but nothing was said about her being unsound until the plaintiff had consulted his attorney, after which the attorney wrote, and, in addition to the plaintiff's complaints, complained that she was "a whistler." The defendant refused to take her back, and ultimately she was sold at Tattersall's, and the plaintiff only received a balance of £4 4s, after deducting the expenses. Evidence was now given on the part of the plaintiff to prove that the mare was not quiet to ride and drive, and several eminent veterinary surgeons deposed that she was "a whistler." They admitted, however, that she might have become so since the plaintiff had purchased her, and this was the defence relied on. Mr. Justice Talfourd having summed up the evidence, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for £78 16s.

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PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.—The monthly *conversazione* of this Club was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, the 17th inst., when a working model of a new plan for lowering boats evenly, and preventing their filling with water, was exhibited by Mr. Clifford, the great novelty, simplicity, and efficacy of which elicited universal applause, as we about a fortnight since stated. A boat laden with its crew may be lowered by one of the crew only in the boat, without any other assistance whatever, either from the ship or any one on board, and at the will of the man lowering, the boat may be disengaged instantly whenever she touches the water. In the event of any person being overboard, any one man can instantly jump into the boat, and lower himself in a few seconds. The great merit of the invention consists in a block of an entirely novel construction, never before used, and through which the ropes that lower the boat pass. Simple as the entire action of the whole is, it will be pleasing and useful to the engineer and sailor to see the simple means by which he may control the descent of the heaviest weights on the principle here used. The monthly meeting will be held on Friday next, when the election of officers will take place, and Dr. Guest's motion, "That, after 1854, fifteen tons be the maximum tonnage of yachts allowed to sail in matches of the club," will be brought under discussion, as well as Lieut. Ford's, "That no shifting ballast be allowed." At the next *conversazione*, to be held on the 17th of March, Thomas Ditchburn, Esq., will continue his practical observations on yacht building, with models and diagrams, to which all yachtsmen are invited to attend.

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THE KNIFE.—A SON MURDERED BY HIS FATHER.—On Thursday week a man, named William Barker, aged 37, a cattle dealer, at Donnington, Lincolnshire, was murdered by his father, Christopher Baker, aged 66. It seems the murderer was an habitual drunkard, and on the night in question his wife went to the Red Cow, Donington, where he was drinking, to fetch him home.—On his way home he passed the house of his son, and the latter upbraided him for his drunkness. The father made some rough answer, when the deceased gave his father a shove, and he fell to the ground, being very tipsy at the time. The prisoner on recovering his feet struck the deceased violently over the shoulder with a stick. The deceased ejaculated, "You old varmint." They crossed over the road together, the quarrel appearing to be over, but the prisoner suddenly pulled out a large clasped knife, and stabbed his son thrice with it. It was a very moonlight night, and the blows were seen to be inflicted by Mr. Smith, landlord of the Red Cow, whose house is not more than 40 or 50 yards from the place. Mr. Smith heard the prisoner's wife shriek loudly, and as he was going to the spot he met the deceased running towards his house, and with his hands on his side, and crying out "Run for the doctor, for he's stabbed me dead." Deceased was conveyed home, and lingered until Wednesday last. an inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of Wilful Murder returned against the father, who has been committed for trial. The deceased was an industrious man, with a large family.

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MATCH AGAINST TIME.—On Friday, the 10th inst., Mr. George Turner, of the Black Horse Inn, Sicklinghall near Wetherby, undertook, for a wager of 20 sovs., to travel his grey mare pony, 14 hands high, 50 miles in five successive hours. The performance took place over the Harrogate Race Course, which was in an extremely bad condition, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. She accomplished 28 miles in the first 2 hours, leaving the remainder of the work an easy performance. At the start a deal of betting took place against the pony, but so confident were the spectators of her capability that, after the first hour's exercise, the balance in her favor took a material turn; indeed, it was the unanimous opinion that she would have accomplished the task in four hours easily. The owner offered to take 50 sovs. to 25 sovs. that she leaped over 20 hurdles, four feet high, in the match. She accomplished her task in 4h. 25m., and was piloted by a youth named Waddington in admirable style.

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## The New York Clipper

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